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The New York Saturday Press.

HENRY CLAPP, Jr.,
Editor and Publisher.

HOW TO KEEP LENT.

BY ROBERT HERRICK.

Is this a Fast, to keep
The larder lean
And clean
From fat of neats and sheep?—
Is it to quit the dish
Of flesh, yet still
To fill
The platter high with fish?

Is it to fast an hour,
Or ragg'd to go,
Or show
A downcast look and sour?
No:—'Tis a fast to dole
Thy sheaf of wheat
And meat
Unto the hungry soul.

It is to fast from strife,
From old debate
And hate;
To circumcise thy life;
To show a heart grief-rent;
To starve thy sin,
Not *bin*;
And that's to keep thy Lent!

WIT ON TOMBSTONES.

A vast amount of wit is to be gathered from tombstones, and mortuary puns have long been famous. The epitaph of the witty divine, Dr. Thos. Fuller, is worthy of himself, simply:

Fuller's earth.

There is a professional point in the epitaph of the eminent barrister, Sir John Strange:

Here lies an honest lawyer—that is *Strange*.

And by what an outrageous quibble has the name of Wm. Button, Esq., been handed down to immortality. The epitaph is to be seen in a churchyard near Salisbury:

O sun, moon, stars, and ye celestial poles!
Are graves, then, dwindled into Button-holes?

There is something quaint and touching in this epitaph of Grimaldi, the distinguished clown:

Here I am!

One of the best of this briefer kind was proposed by Jerrold, whose wit did not always wear so courteous a dress. Charles Knight, the Shakespearian critic, was the subject, and the words:

Good Knight.

Professional rivalry produced this ill-natured inscription for the tombstone of a Western editor:

Here *lies* an Editor.

It is added that the injured man recommended the author to use the inscription as a motto for his own journal.

Of histrionic epitaphs the best is this one on one of Shakespeare's actors:

Exit Burbage.

In a similar vein a wit gave a couplet to Mrs. Oldfield, the most celebrated actress of her day:

This we must own, in justice to her shade,
The first bad exit Oldfield ever made.

Something of compliment is here sacrificed to make the point. It is the reverse of Malcolm's Eulogy on Cawdor:

Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving of it.

The comedian Foote takes his turn thus:

Foote from his earthly stage, alas! is hurl'd;
Death took him off, who took off all the world.

Westminster Abbey has some noticeable epitaphs. This, by Samuel Wesley, is on the monument to Butler, the author of Hudibras:

When Butler, needy wretch! was still alive,
No generous patron would a dinner give,
See him, when starved to death and turned to dust,
Presented with a monumental bust!
The poet's fate is here in emblem shown;
He asked for bread, and he received a stone.

This couplet, on a monument to John Gay, the poet, is hardly suited to a Christian church:

Life is a jest, and all things show it;
I thought so once, and now I know it.

And what a defiance there is in this, on the monument of "that gallant soldier, Sir Thomas Vere:"

When Vere sought death, armed with his sword and shield,
Death was afraid to meet him in the field;
But when his weapon he had laid aside,
Death, like a coward, struck him, and he died.

Sir Thomas Parkins, the great wrestler, caused a monument to be built for himself, on which was a sculpture in relief depicting death in the act of throwing Sir Thomas. The epitaph, which is in Latin, reads as follows:

Here lies the chief, who once threw all,
Thrown by the conquering arm of Death,
Who ne'er had given the knight a fall,
But that he found him out of breath.
But boast not, Death! with empty pride,
Thy strength; the day will come when he,
Arising, with fresh breath supply'd,
Shall vanquish time, and conquer thee.

Miss Long was a beautiful actress of the last century, so short in stature that she was known as the pocket Venus. Her epitaph concludes:

Though long, yet short,
Though short, yet *Pretty* Long.

— According to the London *Publishers Circular*, there have been 912 new books and new editions published in America during 1858, of which there were 177 reprints from England, 35 new editions of books previously published, and 10 translations from the French and German, leaving 690 new American works; this includes all publications, and a large number of the American are but sermons, pamphlets, or letters, whereas the reprints are in most cases bona fide books.

For the NEW-YORK SATURDAY PRESS.

ON THE TOWN.

The lamps are lighted, the streets are full,
For, coming and going, like waves of the sea,
Thousands are out this beautiful night;
They jostle each other, but shrink from me!
Men hurry by with a stealthy glance,
Women pass with their eyes cast down;
Even the children seem to know
The shameless girl of the town!

Hated and shunned I walk the street,
Hunting—for what? For my prey, 'tis said;
I look at it though in a different light,
For this nightly shame is my daily bread!
My food, my shelter, the clothes I wear!
Only for this I might starve, or drown;
The world has disowned me, what can I do,
But live and die on the town?

The world is cruel. It may be right
To crush the harlot, but grant it so,
What made her the guilty thing she is?
For she was innocent once, you know:
'Twas love! that terrible word tells all!
She loved a man and blindly believed
His vows, his kisses, his crocodile tears;
Of course the fool was deceived!

What had I to gain by a moment's sin,
To weigh in the scale with my innocent years,
My womanly shame, my ruined name,
My father's curses, my mother's tears?
The love of a man! It was something to give,
Was it worth it? The price was a soul paid down;
Did I get a soul, *his* soul in exchange?
Behold me here on the town!

"Your guilt was heavy," the world will say,
"And heavy, heavy your doom must be:
For to pity and pardon woman's fall,
Is to set no value on chastity!
You undervalue the virgin's crown,
The spotless honor that makes her dear."
But I ought to know what the bauble is worth,
When the loss of it brings me here!

But pity and pardon? Who are you
To talk of pardon, pity to me?
What I ask is justice, justice, sir!
Let both be punished, or both go free.
If it be in woman a shameful thing,
What is it in man, now? Come, be just:
(Remember, she falls through her love for him,
He, through his selfish lust!)

Tell me what is done to the wretch
Who tempts, and riots in woman's fall?
His father curses, and casts him off?
His friends forsake? He is scorned of all?
Not he: his judges are men like himself,
Or thoughtless women, who humor their whim:
"Young blood,"—"Wild oats"—"Better hush it up:"
They soon forget it—in him!

Even his mother, who ought to know
The woman-nature, and how it is won,
Frames a thousand excuses for him,
Because, forsooth, the man is her son!
You have daughters, Madam (he told me so),
Fair innocent daughters—"Woman, what then?"
Some mother may have a son like yours,
Bid them beware of men!

I saw his coach in the street to-day,
Dashing along on the sunny side,
With a liveried driver on the box;
Lolling back in her listless pride,
The wife of his bosom took the air:
She was bought in the mart where hearts are sold:
I gave myself away for his love,
She sold herself for his gold!

He lives, they say, in a princely way,
Flattered and feasted. One dark night
Some devil led me to pass his house:
I saw the windows a blaze of light;
The music whirled in a maddening round,
I heard the fall of the dancers' feet:
Bitter, bitter, the thoughts I had
Standing there in the street!

Back to my gaudy den I went,
Marched to my room in grim despair,
Dried my eyes, painted my cheeks,
And fixed a flower or two in my hair!
Corks were popping, wine was flowing,
I seized a bumper, and tossed it down:
One must do something to kill the time,
And fit one's self for the town!

I meet his boy in the park sometimes,
And my heart runs over towards the child:
A frank little fellow with fearless eyes,
He smiles at me as his father smiled!
I hate the man, but I love the boy,
For I think what my own, had he lived, would be:
Perhaps it is *he*, come back from the dead—
To his father, alas! not me!

But I stand too long in the shadow here,
Let me out in the light again.
Now for insult, blows perhaps,
And, bitterer still, my own disdain!
I take my place in the crowd of men,
Not like the simple women I see:
You may cheat them, men, as much as you please,
You wear no masks with me!

I know ye! Under your honeyed words
There lurks a serpent: your oaths are lies:
There's a lustful fire in your hungry hearts,
I see it flaming up in your eyes!
Cling to them, ladies, and shrink from me,
Or rail at my boldness—Well, have you done?
Madam, your husband knows me well;
Mother, I know your son!

But go your ways, and I'll go mine:
Call me opprobious names, if you will:
The truth is bitter, think I have lied:
"A harlot?" Yes! But a woman still!
God said of old to a woman like me,
"Go; sin no more," or your Bibles lie:
But you, you mangle His merciful words
To—"Go, and sin till you die!"

Die! the word has a pleasant sound,
The sweetest I've heard this many a year:
It seems to promise an end to pain,
Anyway it will end it—here!
Suppose I throw myself in the street?
Before the horses could trample me down,
Some would-be friend might snatch me up,
And thrust me back on the town!

But look, the river! From where I stand
I see it, I almost hear it flow:
Down on the dark and lonely pier—
It is but a step—I can end my wo!
A plunge, a splash, and all will be o'er,
The death-black waters will drag me down;
God knows where! But no matter where,
So I am off the town!

R. H. STODDARD.

WAS THE ATLANTIC CABLE A HUMBUG?

The *Mad River Valley News*, alluding to the charges recently made against the Managers of the Atlantic Cable, remarks as follows:—

> The subject has been introduced. The charges have issued from a respectable source, and the charges are grave ones, involving the personal reputation, indeed the personal honor, of one whose name has been the synonym of honor during the few months just past.
>
> Of course we shall hear from Mr. FIELD and his friends. A frank, open, clear statement of exonerating facts will set the matter right with the American people, who have a warm friendship for Mr. FIELD, which has been brightened by the recent commercial transactions of that gentleman.
>
> There is no question upon two points—Mr. FIELD's public spirit and remarkable force of character. It was doubtless the purest and most noble of motives that induced his effort in behalf of the Atlantic Telegraph. The only possible suspicion is that—when it became apparent that the enterprise was a failure—he succumbed to the force of circumstances, and lent his countenance to a deception.
>
> One clear, honest snort from Mr. FIELD's nostrils will blow this suspicion into nonentity. Will Mr. FIELD give the snort, and add as much reliable corroborative testimony as is convenient? The American people will be glad to be quite sure that they have not been fooled.

For the NEW-YORK SATURDAY PRESS.

POEMS[*]

BY FRANCES ANN KEMBLE.

The writings and sayings of certain individuals seem in the eyes of their admirers to be privileged above those of less favored humanity; to be sublimated far beyond the reach of ordinary criticism, to be entitled to an approbation that cannot be disputed, and to a merit that should not be questioned. A book, however, written by a person of mature years, with his or her name, in full, appended to the titlepage, is a fair subject of legitimate criticism; and, in fact, being promulgated to the public, challenges its scrutiny and opinion. Such a work may be fairly commented on, in its literary and intellectual aspect, without any extraordinary obligations of deference to the views of social circles, and without properly subjecting the critic, as a consequence of the omission of such deference, to a charge of personal prejudice or of professional severity.

Mrs. KEMBLE, not contented with prominence in the dramatic world, has, in the book above noted, entered the poetic lists, and contributed her quota to the many specimens of versification, often the offspring of misdirected or insufficient talent, that are daily offered up to the voracity of a never satiated and generally not over fastidious literary community.

Whatever may have been the object of the fair authoress in issuing this production to the public,—whether it was a desire to add to an already enviable reputation, or a motive of a more material character,—it is to be hoped that it has been attained. If increased literary reputation, however, was the object, there is, perhaps, some room for doubt as to whether results have been obtained adequate to meet the requirements of self-complacency or the partiality of friendship.

"*Ne sutor ultra crepidam*" is a motto of old but universal application, and seems, in the present case, far from inapplicable.

Long practised and ably experienced as Mrs. KEMBLE may be in interpreting, to the satisfaction of general audiences, the vivid imagery, poetic fervor, and philosophic profundity of the "Bard of Avon," but little of those brilliant qualities seem to have come down to his interpreter.

The former flies from earth, in his burning chariot, far into the glowing realms of immortality; but unfortunately, he has carried his mantle with him: it certainly has not descended upon our authoress; and although, in the volume before us there is an imitative longing after the great original, manifested in an affected quaintness of expression, an antiquity of inversion, and a struggling after far-conceived and dimly illumined metaphors, the ambition of the attempt seems mainly to illustrate the unsatisfactory nature of the result.

The following extracts may serve as specimens of this feature in the style of the volume before us:

What is my lady like? thou fain would'st know—
A *rosy chaplet of fresh apple-bloom,*
Bound with blue ribbon, lying on the snow;
What is my lady like? the *violet gloom*
Of evening, with deep *orange-light below?*
She's *like the noonday smell of a pine wood;*
She's like *the sounding of a stormy flood;*
She's *like a mountain-top high in the skies,*
To which the day its earliest light doth lend.

—and so on, with a half dozen or more similes, equally forced and incongruous, constructing a composite female that would be an invaluable addition to Barnum's collection, and who would have certainly made quite an *eligible match* for Frankenstein's sympathy-seeking monster.

The following is also full of strained and incongruous metaphor:

Phœbus his golden hand
Hath laid upon the *white mane of the sea*,
And springing from the fresh brine gloriously,
He glances keen o'er the long level strand.
Now comes his horses up, all snorting fire, etc.

The following is a comical *mélange* of dolor and housewifery—

If I believed in death, how sweet a *bed*
For such a blessed slumber could I find
Beneath the *blue and sparkling coverlid*
Of that smooth sea, stirred by no breath of wind.

Mrs. KEMBLE had evidently just such a comfortable "blue coverlid" in her house, the souvenir of which suggested the above simile. She speaks of the stars—

That now shine forth
Winking the slumberer's destinies,—

The sleepy rascals—dozing on their watch—forsooth!

In a "Sonnet" she speaks of a

Maiden you might scarce think fair
The first time that across your path she past;
And, suddenly, you would be fettered fast
In the *thick meshes of her chestnut hair!*

The "floating motions, gay and glad," of this hirsute maiden, who must have spread out her hair to catch her *beaux*, as our fishermen do their shad-nets, are subsequently compared

To Summer *rain showers* twinkling to the earth,
When all the shrubberies rock in rustling glee.

This latter is certainly a comical figure, if not very inappreciable.

It is somewhat difficult to imagine, for example, a series of blackberry, hawthorn, elder, huckleberry, and other favorite "*shrubberies*," *rocking* about in "*rustling glee*," enjoying a good joke, if you please, or pleasant thing among themselves.

In her originality Mrs. KEMBLE is hardly more successful than in her imitations. Her style is exaggerated, somewhat affected, and rarely, if ever, forcible. She shows, too, a singular deficiency in all ordinary knowledge of versification; crudities, and discords of rhyme and measure, as well as thought, occur as frequently as they might in the first muse gushings of female-boarding-schooldom, blushing semi-weekly in the hospitable columns of a provincial newspaper.

In apostrophising Shakespeare, Mrs. KEMBLE finds no more forcible and emphatic way of addressing that distinguished individual than as

——— Spirit *strong and bland!*
Lord of the speech of my dear native land!

In which latter qualification, apart from his "blandness," he was quite equalled, perhaps, if not excelled, by such lesser luminaries as Johnson, Walker, and Lindley Murray, Esqrs.

The following commencement of lines "To the Picture of a Lady," are very mawkish, and one would think hardly worth publication by a female out of her "*teens*"—

Lady, sweet lady, I behold thee yet
With thy pale brow, brown eyes and solemn air,
And *billowy* tresses of thy golden *hair;*
Which once to see, is never to forget!
But for short space I gazed with soul intent
Upon thee;—and the limner's art divine,
Meantime, poured all thy spirit into mine.

The feebleness of thought and infelicity of expression of this specimen are hardly inferior to the explanatory and eulogistic platitudes, whilom introduced as accessory to the portraits of titled fashionables, collected into so-called "Books of Beauty."

The lines, "Written on Cramond Beach," begin as follows, and are as feeble as the above:

Farewell, old playmate! on thy sandy shore
My lingering feet will leave their print no more;
To thy loved *side* I never may return, etc.

The syntax of the following extract would hardly pass muster in a district school:

Death and I,
On a hill so high,
Stood side by side;
And we saw below,
Running to and fro,
All things that *be* in the world so wide.

Here we have a description of waves very much after the "[illegible]" school:

Rising and rounding,
Rolling, rebounding,
Echoing, resounding,
And running into curves of creamy spray.

From a piece called a "Fragment," written on a hot day, we have a specimen of Mrs. KEMBLE's *comic* poetic power:

For me my mind is solely wrought
To this one wish; O! in a pond
Would I were over head and ears!
(Of a cold ducking I've no fears,)
Or any where, where I am not,
For, bless the heat, it is too hot!

In an "Epistle," Mrs. KEMBLE speaks of

Princes and *counties* Palatine,
Who ruled and revelled on the Rhine.

Can anybody imagine a "*county*" Palatine, or otherwise, *ruling and revelling!*

Some of the rhymes adopted by our authoress would have made even Sternhold and Hopkins, those reverend versifiers of Gothic memory, pause and consider. "Deliver" and "forever"—"head" and "sheltered"—"way" and "away"—"woes" and "allows"—"still" and "dwell"—"chorister" and "theatre"—"light" and "freight"—make but sorry couples.

In a piece called an "Impromptu," we have the following queer piece of rhyming:

My fount of song, dear friend, 's a bitter *well*,
And when the numbers freely from it flow,
'Tis that my heart and eyes o'erflow *as well*.

The ideas and subject-matter which form the basis of these poetic effusions are often singularly deficient in force, sentiment, and imagery—in fact, they are at times peculiarly *jejune*.

We sincerely believe that Mrs. KEMBLE is actually forcing nature when she writes poetry—that she is deficient in the divine gift or *afflatus* that constitutes the essential element of poetic character—in the grace, sensibility, and delicacy of thought and emotion that enable one to receive and impart refined poetic impressions. Like all poets, and particularly poetesses, Mrs. KEMBLE seems to have had, or fancies she has had a melancholy experience of life, in fact that she is a special target for the sports of those disagreeable old ladies, the "*Fates*" and "*Eumenides*." Judging also, from the major part of the contents of the book before us, she is very anxious that the world should know all about this lacerated state of her feelings, and the lugubrious aspect of her mundane contemplations. Hence she is continually writing of "the path she is doomed to tread"—her "spirit worn and weary"—her "dawn overcast"—her "throbbing heart"—the "phantom" [illegible]—her "sinking soul"—her [illegible] her shipwreck"—the "horrible despair of hope and love forever overthrown," and so on *ad nauseam*.

The subjects treated of, however, are in the main very diverse, and in heterogeneous contrast. We have, among a multitude of others, the following original topics: "Lines on being blessed by a child,"—"Lines on a Young Woman,"—"Lines on reading with difficulty some of Schiller's early love Poems,"—"To——, who fell from a precipice into a mountain torrent,"—"Epistle from the Rhine to Y——, with a bowl of Bohemian glass,"—"Scraps,"—"The prayer of a lonely heart,"—"To Mrs. ——,"—"To my guardian angel,"—"On a musical box,"—"Lines written at night,"—"Lines written after a walk,"—"Lines written after a ball," etc., etc.

The composition of this volume, made up as it appears, at different times, during an extended period, seems to us to bear a funny analogy to a scrap-bag kept by some old dame in the country, wherein, from the time that she was a young miss, she has been wont to stow away all her little remnants and remainders—now a piece of silk, now of fustian, now a scrap of calico, now of satin—until a great collection has been obtained, and then, after a long time elapsed, old and new, fresh and rusty, faded and fantastic, are carefully gathered together and made up, mayhap, into a gigantic "counterpane," and exhibited at some rural fair to gaping admirers, and woe be to the individual who does not say *Amen!* to their eulogistic ejaculations.

There is one selection, however, that we will make with pleasure, and with a greater satisfaction, from its contrast with its predecessors. It is the most striking, if not the only piece of original thought and good writing in the book:

FAITH.

Better trust all, and be deceived,
And weep that trust, and that deceiving;
Than doubt one heart, that, if believed,
Had blessed one's life with true believing.

Oh, in this mocking world, too fast
The doubting fiend o'ertakes our youth!
Better be cheated to the last,
Than lose the blessed hope of truth.

The antithesis of the first verse is striking, the sentiment beautiful, and the rhythm faultless. If Mrs. KEMBLE had written a book of such poetry as this, instead of the careless and common-place compositions which she now asks the public to patronise, she would have received a high meed of praise and admiration.

MERCANTILE AGENCIES.

The *Commercial Bulletin* attempts a slight defence of the Mercantile Agencies which have been criticised by a portion of the press of this city, our own among the number. The *Bulletin* does not seem to have much confidence in its own ability to defend these secret band of spies, and its article really contains nothing requiring reply, or calculated to convince anybody that Mercantile Agencies are either defensible or necessary. It complains that the press has exaggerated in its statements in regard to these Agencies, but it does not point out any such exaggerations, nor does it disprove a single one of the charges made against these institutions. We agree entirely with the *Bulletin* that "the great agency of modern business is *credit*," and that "credit being so tremendous an instrument, and business being based upon it, it becomes necessary to know who is to be trusted and who is unworthy to be trusted;" but to assume, upon such premises, that these Mercantile Agencies are the proper or necessary instrumentalities for getting the required information, is a most lame and impotent conclusion. To the following statement of the *Bulletin*, we ask the attention of the reader:

> "To say that such Agencies exercise a system of espionage, is as unjust as it would be to say that such a system is exercised when a mercantile house write to their correspondents in distant places to inquire as to the standing of some new applicant for credit; and this last mode of proceeding is as old as regulated commerce itself."

This is as fallacious and unjust a comparison as could be made.

A mercantile house which gets its information in the old way, by private correspondence, gets it from some reliable friend, who gives it without pay and only in a particular case; if it gets it from one of these agencies it takes it second hand, from a secret hired agent, whom the house does not know and cannot know—one who does his part as a paid spy, and in multitudes of cases one whose principal motive is to earn his compensation and help the business of the agency—the interest of the inquiring creditor, and the reputation of the reported debtor, are to him matters of secondary importance, in fact of none at all, as he is safely ensconced behind the screen, and cannot be reached in the event of difficulty occurring. The old method is an honorable and comparatively safe one of getting information—the other is unsafe, and in our view of it dishonorable, if not positively sneaking. Will some of the defenders of the mercantile agencies come directly to the points in issue, and demonstrate the necessity of their secret method of doing business, and tell us why the agencies do not either guarantee the information they profess to furnish, or permit parties injured by them to know who it is that thus uses the dagger upon them in the dark. When these points are cleared up, there may begin to be apparent some good grounds of defence for these now covered and guarded sluiceways in which the currents of defamation flow.—*Boston Atlas.*

For the NEW-YORK SATURDAY PRESS.

BOOKS IN BOSTON.

In my last rapid talk on Books in Boston, I spoke only on a few publications of Messrs. TICKNOR & FIELDS. I have now to redeem the pledge I gave you with respect to works published recently by PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & Co. It is possible that, before I close this article, I may have to allude to other volumes that are before me.

PRESCOTT has gone to his grave; to his last home; to that narrow house which is often too small for the body of a burly boor, and too large for the body which contained a mind that men will hold in everlasting remembrance.

"Let us sit upon the ground," saith one of Shakespeare's characters, "and tell strange stories of the death of kings." "Let us sit unto our desk," saith the Historian, "and tell strange stories of the Death of Nations." What are all histories but strange stories of Dead Nations, or of the portion of Nations which have died? Some one says that "History is an old Almanac." It would have been better to say that it is an Epitaph on the grave of the Past. Perhaps it would come yet nearer to the truth, to say that it consists of Funeral Orations spoken over national graves, by men whom the Muse has duly called and consecrated to the office. Every event is dead before it is recorded, and nothing is again repeated. No thought appears a second time in the brain. No feeling is twice in the heart. Let, therefore, the youngest man sit down to give the story of his life; he is only giving the story of his death. That which he has to tell has died ere he thought to tell, or cared to tell it. The old man may be able to entertain us with a more protracted narrative; but between the young man and the old man, there is no difference but the difference of duration. The young man and the old man, alike, only begin to speak, when what they speak of has departed, and never can return. So it is in all history, individual or national. Even the daily journal is no exception. It is not a record of what is living, but of what is dead. The debate is over before you read of it. While the printer is at work, the vote on never so mighty a question is with things beyond the Deluge. When the newspaper comes into your hand, the crash of cars or armies has sent thousands to their last account; the steamboat, with its living freight, has sunk, or has been blown to atoms; plague has choked the sepulchre with accumulated corpses; the duel is no more when you have the account of it; the assassin has done his bloody work ere it is presented to your notice; tragedies which kill and crush victims that cannot be counted, have been perfected when the notification of these catastrophes is flying along the electric wire.

PRESCOTT seems, in a peculiar manner, to have been the Biographer of Nations emphatically dead, or dying; yet, with a remarkable vitality of genius, he calls them again into life and action.

Most assuredly the Life that was lived in Spain when FERDINAND and ISABELLA were King and Queen, is as dead as a door-nail; still, with a most dramatic vividness, we have it in the pages of PRESCOTT. Mexico and Peru, with the hard-hearted, and hard-handed ruffians who subdued them, are gone equally together to the grave; but in the pages of PRESCOTT they seem to us to live again. Alas! before he could fully write out the awful Historic Tragedy of the Spanish race, and the miseries which it had suffered and inflicted,—a tragedy, however, brightened, as every noble tragedy is, with heroism of mind and deed,—he himself, the noble Dramatist, departed from the stage.

A most terrible tragedy is the modern history of the Spanish race, and if PRESCOTT has not given it to us in the full strength of its fierceness, he has given it to us in all the eloquence of charity and justice.

I have seen attempts to underrate PRESCOTT as a Historian. In some criticisms, he is called superficial; in others he is spoken of as vague and fanciful. Now, as I apprehend the office of a Historian, it is to tell the story of a nation as you would, with some modifications, tell the story of an individual. That is the first condition. A History is properly a Story. But incidental to this, there must, of course, be knowledge; incidental to knowledge, judgment and research; and in the use of these, wisdom and imagination, together with the various faculties of constructive and creative power. It is, therefore, an essential critical error to suppose that because a man charms you with fluent and eloquent narrative, he is wanting in profundity, meditation, and reflection. On the contrary, it is by means of these very qualities that he is fluent and eloquent in any history which can have the least authority. Taking into thought the anarchy of materials out of which the great Historian shapes to form the story of a People, of an Age, or of a Race, his idea is second only to the great Poet. When one estimates, with the smallest reading in the direction wherein PRESCOTT wrote, he only wonders more and more at the symmetry which he has made out of the crude chaos on which he worked. I like well profound essays on History. I enter with pleasure into the driest disquisitions of Niebuhr, or of Sir Cornwall Lewis, but this does not hinder me from divining the reflection and research which underlie a consecutive and connected story, and such a story PRESCOTT told with charming grace. The authorities on which he grounds his narrative of the Conquest of Mexico, are, I understand, impeached. They are, it is said, the mere chronicles of Monks; but if the chronicles of Monks are unworthy of confidence, then most of the histories of Europe are only dreams. Doubtless, it is most desirable to have the securest basis in fact that we can for what we say, yet History, at the best, does little more than give us the picture of an age, and the records must be false, indeed, which will not enable the wise historical writer to give us that. Even imaginative fiction may succeed in this, when mere literal accuracy entirely fails.

And here one question comes to my mind: Why are American authors so fond of writing History? The question might be worthy of philosophical and critical investigation. I have noticed that young preachers are fond of dwelling on old age and death; is it from some analogous feeling that the writers of a young nation are attracted to the solemn and pathetic grandeur of the past?

The third volume of PRESCOTT's "History of Philip the Second," is one of the books which PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & Co., were so generous as to send me. The "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" is another. But merely to mention "The Autocrat" is enough, since the name in itself, suggests brilliancy, wit, humor, thought, tenderness, and reflective eloquence. A genial and beautiful character is the schoolmistress, and I trust that the "Professor" will have all the poetic inspirations which happiness and her society can bestow.

And this volume from the same house strikes my eye: it is called "Arabian Days," a significant and suggestive title. It has the same relation to "The Arabian Nights" that a modern ballad has to an ancient one; but though no stories of their class can ever equal or approach "The Arabian Nights," these "Arabian Days" are nevertheless extremely fascinating: they delighted my children, they delighted myself; and that surely must have the best genius in it, which gives a common joy to the young and to the old.

I observe a stately row of solid and important books on my table from the publishers, GOULD & LINCOLN. There is the first volume of Mason's "Milton and his Times." Those were heroic times; and, as meet for them, Milton was a heroic Man. Great as was the Poet, the Man was vastly greater. There is fitness therefore, in connecting the Man with the Times. Usually, I do not desire to see History and Biography confounded; but this case may be considered a laudable exception. Besides, persons who have not many books, or the leisure to read many, will find the story of a sublime period gathered here from various directions, and brought into union with a sublime name.

I esteem as a very valuable addition to my library, from the same publishers, Bayne's thoughtful, and often eloquent, "Essays in Biography and Criticism;" and their edition of Haven's "Mental Philosophy" I have examined with instruction and improvement. It is an excellent class-book; for it not only gives an admirable outline of mental science, but it indicates the sources wherein the student will find the means of enlarged and progressive culture in this grand department of human education.

HENRY GILES.

For the NEW YORK SATURDAY PRESS.

DRIFT-WEED,

Or, Common Thoughts rendered into Words.

BY MRS. M. J. M. SWEAT.

I.

One important office of the past is to teach us what we may expect in the future; and a vast increase of personal power is often the result of a keen analysis and thorough comprehension of our relationships in our bygone experiences. The amount of progression discoverable in our past, may be taken as the ratio of movement in the coming time. Also from such analysis and self-study do we learn to distinguish the ephemeral from the permanent influences of our lives, which, in the passing, are often undistinguishable. The passions and emotions which stand firm under the searching examination we are able to give them when they are removed from the immediate present, may be declared realities for us forever. Standing on this ground the heart is able to look calmly on as the memory summons up each past emotion, and the intellect passes an impartial judgment upon it; while from those which it condemns, as well as from those which it sanctions, material for a correct prophecy for the future may be drawn. The best preparation for a new life may be made by obtaining, in the first place, a thorough knowledge of the old life, and he who shrinks from confronting the past, can hardly prove a wise or even a brave combatant with the future.

For this self-knowledge to be valuable, it needs not that the life should be very full of external vanity or startling incident; the thought-life of most persons furnishes rich material when it is brought fairly into light. Outward actions are but the manifestation of the response which the inner nature gives to the forces which are brought to bear upon it, and it is not always those which seem most violent at first, which prove in the end, most important as agents of interior development. It is through experiences quite within the range of ordinary life, that the richest natures often unfold themselves and attain to an inner harmony, of which only their own hearts are aware till some sudden lightningflash gleams upon them, reveals them to the crowd and shows them to be really far up in the calm serenity of self-possessed souls.

II.

The man who rushes off upon a tangent, makes a great show when looked at from the little portion of the circumference which can see him at all, but viewed from the centre, which commands the whole plain of the horizon, and takes in the full and finished beauty of the circle—he is but a poor, spent ball, on which all motive force will soon cease to act.

III.

Oddity almost always involves a certain weakness of character, an incompleteness of development—we had almost said, a lack of talent, for it is comparatively easy to become conspicuous through doing things in a *different* way from that in which others do them,—but to do them in the *same* way, and attain to preeminent success with apparently ordinary means—that is indeed something! Oddity encouraged in its possessor, though it attracts attention, and has sometimes a quaint charm while in its freshness, often degenerates into disease and tyrannizes as remorselessly over the patient as he does over those about him. The lane which leads into this region of country, has no turning, and the pedestrian upon it is almost always ashamed to retrace his steps in the sight of those who unsuccessfully endeavored to persuade him to remain with them upon the high-road. Many a man with an established reputation as "an odd genius," feels the contempt implied when others pass unnoticed in him what they would resent in others, and would gladly rid himself of his self-originated isolation from ordinary rules, if he could do so without the shame of a public recantation, and amid the mortification of seeing others astonished at his assuming the responsibilities of ordinary social courtesy. People are as much surprised to see an oddity become reasonable, as to see a miser become generous.

IV.

How much of our time is taken up in merely supplying omissions, or in making reparation for injuries which ought never to have been committed! We say an unkind word, or do a thoughtless deed—perhaps we only omit an opportunity for kindness—and the little monitor within us will not let us rest till we leave our business or our pleasure, and go forth to soothe the hurt, or efface its remembrance by some new impression or some friendly service. We all recognize, in the main, the claim which others have upon us for something more than the cold legality of an undisturbed independence, and however we may at times fancy that we are nothing to others, as they are nothing to us, it takes but some slight change of outward circumstance, or some involuntary variation of inward emotion, to bring clearly before us the actuality of our dependence, and the reality of our responsibility. Few of us can sit down contentedly, when we discover that we have inadvertently pained another, and even our pride is interested, to urge us to a frank apology for wrong done in ignorance or haste. Pity that our experience in this way does not teach us a quicker discretion in new emergencies.

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[*] Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Original Poetry.

WATCHING THE COALS.

BY FRED'K A. PARMENTER.

I watch the coals upon the hearth,
That sparkle in their ruddy glee;
And, gazing in their glowing midst,
Behold these are the things I see:

Two lovers walking arm in arm,
Where slants the moonlight on the grass,
And where their shadows rise and fall,
As to and fro they slowly pass:—

A sailor roving o'er the sea,
A stormy night, a sinking ship,
And hands outstretched in vain for help,
With words that die upon the lip:—

A maiden, with expectant heart,
Awaiting one who'll ne'er return,
Who slumbers 'neath the moaning waves,
A coral grot, his burial urn!

O, blushing girl, that read'st this song,
Hast thou a lover off at sea?
Heaven in its mercy, bring him thence
Once more in safety unto thee!

Owego, Tioga Co., N. Y.,
March 8th, 1859.

THE HEART'S REST.

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

IN IMITATION OF THE GERMAN.

I.

The wind is idly blowing,
And spilling its perfume rare;
The brook, with its ceaseless flowing,
Is singing a quaint old air.

II.

But night o'er nature comes stealing,
And the wind will die on the hill—
Cold Winter's ice, congealing,
Will hush the song of the rill.

III.

My heart, like the wind, is moaning;
The day seems heavy and long,
And memory's voice is droning
A sad, monotonous song.

IV.

But heart, thou shalt rest at even,
And memory's voice shall cease—
For the weary find rest in Heaven,
And the troubled shall be at peace.

$2,000 A YEAR.

The *Hearthstone* gives the following table of household expenses, showing how a genteel family of seven can live on about $2,000 a year. We are not, ourselves, "a family of seven," and cannot judge, therefore, of the accuracy [illegible] the estimates; it strikes us, however, that four chil[illegible] could hardly be clothed for fifty dollars a year, and that as no genteel family can very well get along without THE SATURDAY PRESS, the cost of that journal should have been added to the sum-total:—

WEEKLY EXPENSES.

Bread for seven persons,	$1 93
Butter for do., 5 1-2 lbs., at 25c. per lb.,	1 37
Tea for six persons, 12 ozs., at $1 75 per lb.,	1 31
Sugar for do.,	1 12
Meat or Fish, 7 lbs. daily,	10 20
(In this calculation, vegetables, puddings, etc., are included.)	
Salt, vinegar, mustard, pepper, etc.,	0 14
Milk, daily, 3 quarts,	1 25
Washing,	1 75
Haberdashery, viz: pins, needles, thread, tape, etc.,	0 50
Wear and tear, breakage, scouring materials, etc.,	0 56
Candles, per week, average Winter and Summer,	0 60
Weekly expenses,	$20 73

YEARLY EXPENSES.

Twenty dollars and seventy-three cents per week,	$1,077 96
Ten tons of coal, at $6,	60 00
Clothes for husband and wife,	150 00
do. for four children,	50 00
Lying-in expenses (once in two years) per year,	50 00
Pocket expenses, including letters, etc., for all the family,	50 00
Schooling for two children,	100 00
Apothecary,	25 00
Servant's wages,	60 00
Standing rent and taxes,	350 00
Total,	$1,972 96

SPECIALITE DE PUMPKIN PIE.

List of Americans recently registered at Mme. Busque's, rue de la Michodière 6–Paris.

E. G. W. Butler, Jr., Secretary U. S. Legation, Berlin.
Beverly Tucker, U. S. Consul, Liverpool.
F. L. L. Campbell, South Carolina.
William Thomson, U. S. Consul, Southampton, Eng.
J. Y. Mason, U. S. Minister, Paris.
Charles P. McIlvaine, Bishop of Ohio.
George A. Jackson, New York.
Charles B. Owen, New York.
Charles R. Webb, "
Hon. P. Morris, Philadelphia.
Wm. H. Potter, Princeton, N. J.
Wm. A. Fits Hugh, New York.
Frank L. Warden, Paris.
Miss Butler, New York.
Miss L. Butler, "
E. Burr, "
Frederick Brown, Philadelphia.
Mrs. Brown, "
Miss Brown, "
Charles H. Pond, New York.
Mrs. Charles Pond, "
J. A. Brown, Jr. (The American Boxer), Philadelphia.

— Only two copies of the first or "Unique" edition of HAMLET are known to be in existence. Until a few years ago, only one had been discovered, and that an imperfect one, wanting the last page, and was in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire. In 1858, a second copy was discovered, perfect with the exception of the titlepage. It belonged to a gentleman who lived in a midland county in England, and who was unaware of the value of the relic. He sold it to a Dublin bookseller named Rooney, for a very small sum. The last page has recently been reprinted in Dublin, exactly as found in the original edition. It differs materially, as will be seen, from the conclusion of the play in the later editions:

> *Enter Voltemar and the Ambassadors from England.*
> *Enter Fortenbrasse with his traine.*
>
> *Fort.*—Where is this bloudy sight?
> *Hor.*—If aught of woe or wonder you'ld behold,
> Then looke upon this tragicke Spectacle.
> *Fort.*—O, imperious death! how many Princes
> Hast thou at one draft bloudily shot to death!
> *Ambas.*—Our ambassie that we have brought from England.
> Where be these Princes that should heare us spake?
> O, most vnlooked for time! vnhappy country!
> *Hor.*—Content yourselves. He shews to all the ground,
> The first beginning of this Tragedy.
> Let there a scaffold be rearde up in the market place,
> And let the state of all the World be there,
> Where you shall heare such a sad story tolde,
> That neuer mortall man could more vnfolde.
> *Fort.*—I have some rights of memory to this Kingdome,
> Which now to claim my leisure doth inuite me.
> Let foure of our chiefest Captaines
> Beare Hamlet like a souldier to his graue;
> For he was likely, had he liued,
> To a prou'd most royall;
> Take vp the bodie: such a sight as this
> Becomes the fieldes, but here doth much amisse

—*Boston Courier.*

— The Hungarian Academy of Science and Literature have bestowed the honor of membership on Prof. Faraday, Mr. Thomas Watts, of the British Museum, Lord Macaulay, and Prof. Bell, President of the Linnean Society.

— The $678 raised in Boston for a monument to James Fenimore Cooper, has been transmitted, by the consent of Messrs. Irving and Bryant, to an association of gentlemen, who intend to erect a monument at Cooperstown, where rest the remains of the illustrious novelist.

— The report that our Dramatic Critic is engaged on the Life of JEFFERSON, is premature.

CHESS.

Replies and Remarks.

— Colonel Stewart was wont to play Chess a great deal with the Earl of Stair, who was very fond of the game. But an unexpected mate used to throw his Lordship into such a passion, that he was ready to hurl a candlestick, or anything else that was near him, at his adversary; for which reason the Colonel always took care to be on his feet, to fly to the furthest corner of the room, before he said, "Checkmate, my Lord!"

— The *Schachzeitung* for January, which appears in a new form, contains the first part of an excellent review of Professor Allen's inimitable *Life of Philidor*, a long article on the Morphy-Anderssen match, an essay on Problems, and the beginning of Von der Lasa's translation of Lucena, illustrated by facsimiles. It is a fine number.

— *T's* composition, which we publish, is very pretty, although the idea has been before elaborated.

— Anna Comnena says that her father, the Byzantine Emperor Alexius, used to rise early in the morning, and in order to expel those cares which made his nights uneasy, he had some of his relatives with him, with whom he played at Chess.

— The *Morphybuch* is just issued by the distinguished Max Lange, at Berlin. It comprises in ten chapters the history of the American hero from his first appearance in New Orleans down to the present time, and is illustrated by nearly one hundred games, with admirable notes by the Editor. It is dedicated, with some very kind words, to D. W. F.

— Walker seems to place some credit in the account which Deschappelles was accustomed to give of the manner in which he learned to play at Chess. "I acquired Chess," said the great Frenchman, "in four days! I learned the moves, played with Bernard, who had succeeded Philidor as the sovereign of the board; lost the first day, the second, the third, and beat him even-handed on the fourth; since which time I have never either advanced or receded. Chess to me has been, and is, a single idea, which, once acquired, cannot be displaced from its throne, while the intellect remains unimpaired by sickness or age." A wag once said that, in this statement, each day, like the interpretation put by Buckland on the seven days of Moses, must have meant, at least, a year, or more.

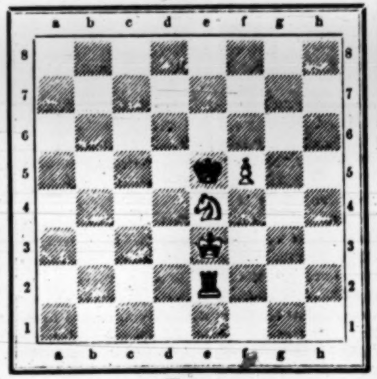
— *H. S.*, of Baltimore, can obtain the *Schachzeitung* (same price as the *Chess Monthly*) through Westermann, of this city. We have not yet seen the new series of the *C. P. C.* With reference to the Problem in question, Black avoids the mate by 2. B a4—c2.

— Our Problem criticisms are once more unavoidably postponed, but they will certainly be given in our next for the past three weeks.

PROBLEM NO. 20.

By D. B. T., of New York City.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

BERTHOLD SUHLE.

A new star has arisen in the Chess firmament of Germany. Mr. Berthold Suhle, of Bonn, on the Rhine, and now twenty-one years of age, played on the twentieth of last December eight blindfold games at once, winning six and drawing two. The affair had created considerable excitement in Germany, and especially in Rhenish Prussia. We reproduce here one of the contests:

	MR. SUHLE.	MR. K.
1.	e2—e4	e7—e5
2.	f2—f4	e5—f4:
3.	Kt g1—f3	g7—g5
4.	h2—h4	g5—g4
5.	Kt f3—e5	h7—h5
6.	B f1—c4	R h8—h7
7.	d2—d4	B f8—h6
8.	Kt b1—c3	c7—c6
9.	K e5—d3	Q d8—f6
10.	e4—e5	Q f6—f5
11.	Kt d3—c5	Q f5—g6
12.	B c4—d3	Q g6—g7
13.	B d3—h7:	Q g7—h7:
14.	Kt c3—e4	h7—h6
15.	Kt e4—d6†	K e8—d8
16.	Kt c5—d3	f7—f6
17.	B c1—f4	B c8—a6
18.	Q d1—d2	B h6—f8
19.	R h1—f1	B f8—d6:
20.	e5—d6:	Q h7—e4†
21.	Q d2—e3	f6—f5
22.	Q e3—e4:	f5—e4:
23.	B f4—g5†	K d8—e8
	From this point White forces the mate in ten moves.	
24.	0—0—0	c6—c5
25.	R d1—e1	B a6—b7
26.	Kt d3—e5	B b7—d5
27.	Kt e5—g6	B d5—f7
28.	R e1—e4†	Kt g8—e7
29.	B g5—e7:	Kt b8—c6
30.	B e7—g5†	Kt c6—e7
31.	B g5—e7:	Anything.
32.	B e7—g5†	B f7—e6
33.	R f1—f8:	

The above game is a good specimen of what is very properly known on the continent as the *Kieseritzky Gambit*. The playing of the eight games consumed twelve hours, and took place in a coffee-house on the Marcusplatz. The feat was witnessed by a large number of interested and astonished spectators.

ELEMENTARY EPISTLES.—II.

I simply give you, this week, O beloved Tyro, the first few moves of the King's Knight's openings. Remember that the play adopted, as far as it goes, is the best. All these openings commence with

	WHITE.	BLACK.
1.	e2—e4	e7—e5
2.	Kt g1—f3	

And they have received names either derived from their own character, or from their inventors or analysts.

PHILIDOR'S DEFENCE.

1.	e2—e4	e7—e5
2.	Kt g1—f3	d7—d6
3.	d2—d4	e5—d4:
4.	Q d1—d4:	Kt b8—c6
5.	B f1—b5	

And the game is very nearly even.

PETROFF'S DEFENCE.

1.	e2—e4	e7—e5
2.	Kt g1—f3	Kt g8—f6
3.	Kt f3—e5:	d7—d6
4.	Kt e5—f3	Kt f6—e4:
5.	d2—d4	d6—d5
6.	B f1—d3	

And White has a slight advantage.

SCOTCH GAMBIT.

1.	e2—e4	e7—e5
2.	Kt g1—f3	Kt b8—c6
3.	d2—d4	e5—d4:
4.	B f1—c4	B f8—c5
5.	c2—c3	Kt g8—f6
6.	e4—e5	d7—d5

And the game is perfectly even.

RUY LOPEZ GAME.

1.	e2—e4	e7—e5
2.	Kt g1—f3	Kt b8—c6
3.	B f1—b5	Kt g8—f6
4.	d2—d4	Kt c6—d4:
5.	Kt f3—d4:	e5—d4:
6.	e4—e5	c7—c6

And neither player has any decided advantage.

TWO KNIGHTS' DEFENCE.

1.	e2—e4	e7—e5
2.	Kt g1—f3	Kt b8—c6
3.	B f1—c4	Kt g8—f6
4.	Kt f3—g5	d7—d5
5.	e4—d5:	Kt c6—a5
6.	d2—d3	

And the first player has rather the better game.

GIUOCO PIANO.

1.	e2—e4	e7—e5
2.	Kt g1—f3	Kt b8—c6
3.	B f1—c4	B f8—c5
4.	c2—c3	Kt g8—f6
5.	d2—d4	e5—d4:
6.	e4—e5	d7—d5

And the position is nearly even.

EVANS GAMBIT.

1.	e2—e4	e7—e5
2.	Kt g1—f3	Kt g8—f6
3.	B f1—c4	B f8—c5
4.	b2—b4	B c5—b4:
5.	c2—c3	B b4—c5
6.	0—0	d7—d6

And although White gets a strong attack, the game is defensible.

The above are the most important of the King's Knight's openings. I have purposely omitted the variations, and shall in my third epistle give you some brief games illustrative of these methods of beginning a Chess contest.

CAISSUS.

— Mr. James E. Murdoch has given an essay on Hamlet, in Baltimore, for the benefit of the Poor Association.

The N. Y. Saturday Press.

NEW YORK, MARCH 12, 1859.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

If the habitual readers of THE SATURDAY PRESS desire to aid us in making it a still more interesting and valuable journal, they cannot do so in a more effectual way than by at once *subscribing to it*, and inducing their friends to do the same. They will oblige us also by directing attention to the paper as an advertising medium.

This is the first appeal we have made, and we have no doubt it will be liberally responded to.

NOTICE TO PUBLISHERS.

THE SATURDAY PRESS has been sent for several weeks, free of charge, to leading booksellers throughout the country, with a view to calling their attention to our Weekly Book List. This object having now been attained, the paper will be sent, hereafter, only to subscribers.

"ON THE TOWN."

It is not often that we call special attention to any article in THE SATURDAY PRESS; but Mr. STODDARD's poem on our first page (entitled "On the Town"), is so humane in its sentiments—so human, rather, for humane is but the diminutive of human—and is, moreover, so full of the genuine spirit of poetry, that we cannot help making it an exception to our rule. Since HOOD's "Bridge of Sighs," we have read nothing of the kind which could compare with it. It is a poem dictated,—inspired, rather,—by the best impulses of the soul—impulses that rise above all codes and conventionalities—and assert authoritatively the true majesty of human nature.

THE CODE OF HONOR.

SICKLES killed poor KEY from a sense of honor. The act was required of him by the Code. What we should do without the Code, Beelzebub only knows. Do without it, perhaps. Its chief function is to regulate the killing of people, and make it respectable. Not only respectable to kill, but respectable to be killed. A man who is killed according to the Code has no right to complain. He can tell of it as he crosses the Styx without blushing.

Had Sickles followed his instincts, his victim might still have been alive. But the Code wouldn't let him follow his instincts. It don't believe in instincts. They are vulgar. And, moreover, are apt to be manly. It deals,—the Code does,—in nothing but honor. Wounded honor! This is its staple. Sickles's feelings were all right; they were not wounded, in the least; but his honor had been touched. So the Code had its back up at once, and insisted that he should become a murderer, and then all would be well. His honor would be satisfied, and Mrs. Sickles,—but no! Mrs. Sickles wasn't taken into the account. She was only a woman. She might go home and die. What could she know about honor?

Sickles didn't want to murder Key, but the Code made him do it; wrote him anonymous letters, and insisted on his doing it; in fact, stood by and saw him do it. And Mrs. Grundy, who believes in the Code,—in fact, believes in nothing else,—says it's all just as it should be, and that if Key didn't want to be killed, he had no business to be found out. The Code never troubles people till they are found out. It has no objection to seduction, to adultery, to treachery, or to any other crime, till they are publicly exposed. Then the Code is wide awake, and on its mettle.

But for the Code, Mr. Sickles would be hung. Hung by the opposition Code. As it is, he will go unpunished. He stuck to the Code, and the Code will stick to him. If he behaves himself, the Code will allow him to return to Mrs. Sickles. He wants to, now, we are told, but the Code wont let him. If he stays away a little longer, *she* wont let him. And she would be right, though the Code don't think so. The Code made [illegible] perform the little farce of taking away his wife's wedding ring. It was very comical, that. And [illegible] it with great éclat. "Well done!" everybody said, "Bravo!" He didn't return *his* ring—the Code would have been shocked at *that*—he only took back *her's*. Took it back indignantly, and made up a great virtuous face about it, as if he had done something sublime, and the gods were applauding him for it. Poor, Code-stricken Sickles! The next day he wanted to send the ring back to his wife. But the Code wouldn't let him, unless he first broke it in twain. So he broke it and sent her the pieces. Another farce. There's nothing pleases the Code like a good farce. Any thing simple, straitforward, honest, offends it. It is contrary, in fact, to its principles. That is, if it have any principles. But the great difficulty with the Code is, that it hasn't any. It simply represents *the lowest state of public sentiment for the time being*. Hence its popularity in Washington, which is the moral cesspool of the nation.

Whatever a man does spontaneously, from the promptings of his nature, even from the activity or vehemency of his passions, is entitled to a certain degree of respect. It is at least honest. But whatever he does in obedience to a Code, or from fear of public ridicule, is entitled to nothing but contempt.

And the same with woman; for she, too, has her Code. The Code-Grundy. All her life-time, and down to her very grave, she stands in mortal fear of Mrs. Grundy. It is Mrs. Grundy, just now, who makes her persecute Mrs. Sickles. Her natural instincts would lead her to fly to her sister's rescue. But Mrs. Grundy won't let her. Mrs. Grundy insists that she shall shrug her pretty shoulders, pout her pretty lips, lift up her pretty hands, denounce Mrs. Sickles as the vilest of creatures, and thus do what she can to break her heart, and send her, crushed and bleeding, to the tomb.

But we have no patience to pursue the subject. If men and women will allow themselves to be made fools of by society, and its miserable Codes, we suppose there is no help for the matter. It may be well, however, to call attention to the fact.

POOR CAP-MAKERS, AND CYCLOPÆDIA-WRITERS.

The *N. Y. Tribune* publishes an affecting article entitled "TWO CENTS A-PIECE FOR MAKING MEN'S CAPS." We are pleased to have the editors of so influential a journal expose the low price paid for labor, and wait with some anxiety for another article from them on the same subject, entitled "TWO DOLLARS A-PAGE FOR MAKING CYCLOPÆDIAS." Allow us to make a suggestion as to the mode of treatment.

In the article on the CAP-MAKERS occurs the following passage, referring to one Mrs. G., No. 10 Mulberry street:

"We found her," said the visitor, "hard at work, "making boys' black cloth caps, trimmed with braid, "and bow, and buttons, lined with glazed muslin, and "wash-leather, and with patent-leather front; for the "making and pressing of which she received *two shillings per dozen, or two cents a-piece*. I did not believe it, "and asked to see her passbook. It was true. 'In "good times,' she said, 'I used to get three and sixpence a dozen, but now the price is reduced!'

"Save us from such grasping tradesmen, and from "the necessity that makes families dependent upon "them!"

Now in the article on the CYCLOPÆDIA-MAKERS, the same style might be adopted, as thus:

"We found him (the Cyclopædia-maker) hard at "work, composing elaborate articles, full of figures, "statistics, etc., which had cost him months of study "and research, and for the collecting and preparing of "which he received from the Messrs. Appleton *two dollars a-page*, or less than is paid by the *Tribune* for articles requiring no study or research whatever. We "did not believe it, and asked to see his accounts. It "was true. 'In other times,' he said, 'I used to earn "five and ten dollars a-page for much lighter work, "but now the price is reduced.'

"Save us from such grasping publishers, and from "the necessity that makes authors dependent upon "them."

GREAT SALE OF PAINTINGS.

The best collection of paintings ever offered for sale in this country, is now on free exhibition at the National Academy Rooms, Tenth street, and will be sold at auction on Wednesday and Thursday next, by Messrs. H. H. Leeds & Co. The foreign pictures—most of them master-pieces—have been received from Messrs. Goupil & Co., Paris, through their successor in this city, Mr. Knoedler. Among them is WINTERHALTER's celebrated "FLORINDA," which is valued at over $6000.

American art is represented by Kensett, Durand, Church, Cole, Huntington, Cropsey, Darley, Shattuck, Nichols, Lazarus, Rossiter, Hall, Hubbard, and, in fact, most of the leading artists in the country. Everybody will be at the sale.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN FRANKLIN AND EVERETT.

The *N. Y. Tribune* of yesterday, after pointing out several absurd exaggerations in the recent oration on FRANKLIN, delivered at the Academy of Music last Wednesday evening, by "Mr. EVERETT, Orator, Patriot, "Sage, Cicero of America, Laudator of Washington, "Apostle of Charity, High Priest of the Union, and "Friend of Mankind"—continues thus:—

This, however, is perhaps no more than the allowable license of the panegyrical orator; and if Mr. EVERETT as to some matters exaggerates, there is one, at least, as to which he rather belittles his subject. Alluding to FRANKLIN's communications to the *New England Courant*, he remarked with emphasis, that FRANKLIN did not disdain to become a contributor to the *Ledgers* of his day. The *Ledger* is doubtless a very meritorious as well as a very popular and profitable paper, but this comparison hardly gives a correct idea of FRANKLIN's *début* as a newspaper writer. The *New England Courant* was the first American newspaper that aspired to discuss public questions, and to guide and enlighten public opinion. The young FRANKLIN set himself *not to flatter the self-love, but to attack, and, if possible, to correct what was then the besetting sin of his countrymen, and one of which they are not yet entirely cured, to wit, cant and false pretensions to somewhat more of religion or morals than they had*. So bold were the rebukes, and so pointed the satire of the young FRANKLIN, that he was had up before a Joint Committee of the Provincial Council and House of Representatives, charged with too little respect for what was established, and a design to overturn existing institutions.

— JACK ROBINSON's Boston letters, in the N. Y. *Times*, are the most racy specimens of epistolary composition which can be found in any newspaper in the country. It hurts our feelings to say so: but the thing is done, and, as WEBSTER said on some political (and, therefore, less important) occasion, "We breathe more freely." For a portrait of JACK ROBINSON,—done in regal, or, rather, in baronial style,—see last number of the *Picayune*.

One Thing and Another.

— The last number of the *Constellation* contains a singularly vituperative and unmanly attack upon Mr. FITZ JAMES O'BRIEN, which we incline to think would hardly have been published had that gentleman been in the city. It affords us some pleasure to be able to state, on good authority, that the article was not written by an American.

— The colored people of Boston and vicinity met on Monday evening last in commemoration of the martyrdom of CRISPUS ATTUCKS, the colored American who was shot by the British in State street, in 1770. Speeches were made by Rev. John B. Smith (colored), Charles L. Remond (colored), and Wm. Lloyd Garrison (white). A quadrille band and volunteer glee clubs were in attendance. After the speaking, the remainder of the evening was passed in dancing.

— An advertiser in the *Tribune* wants three hundred men who have no objection to making $2,000 a-year, by the sale of "Greeley's patent brace-suspenders."

— *Harpers' Weekly*, speaking of Newman Hall's last work "Now," says the man who puts such a title to a book cannot fail to write with force. A little more such criticism, and the world will be flooded with books entitled "No," "Yes," "But," "Bah!" etc.

— Governor MORGAN declines to hear anything about politics on Sunday. Good man! We wonder where he goes to church.

— Officer Buckman, of the 7th Ward Police, arrested three news boys last Sunday for selling newspapers. Nothing seems to delight the heart of a policeman so much as arresting little boys.

— A Boston correspondent suggests that the Hon. T. C. GRATTAN devote the profits of his abusive work on the United States to the liquidation of the board bills he left behind him in this country, and the re-payment of moneys advanced to him by "American Boors."

— A signal proof of the excellent mode of treatment now adopted in our insane institutions has been afforded us this week by the fact that we have had several applications from one of them for THE SATURDAY PRESS!

— The *Tribune* has received several sums of money for the "poor widow who makes boys' caps for two cents a-piece;" why don't somebody come to the aid of the "poor authors who write Cyclopædia articles at $2 a-page?"

— The Governor of Massachusetts has appointed Thursday, April 7th, as a day of general Fasting and Prayer, in consequence of which the good people throughout the State are expected to abstain, on that day, from all wholesome food, and to make themselves as melancholy and miserable as is consistent with their well known jubilant turn of mind. Great preparations are being made in Boston for "the proper observance of the day," which will be celebrated at the Parker House, and other places of public resort, with the usual solemnities.

— The *Constellation*, now that PARK BENJAMIN has withdrawn from it, commences its editorial articles in that distant and majestic style supposed to have been invented by the London *Times*. For example, its "second heavy leader" last week (we forget the subject of it) starts off in this style: "On account of the het- "erogeneous manner in which we enter upon the "prosecution of many pursuits in life, it is found that "we sometimes fail from not ascertaining, at the out- "set, what is the best method of procedure;" while another and still more ponderous article (which we defy the *Century* to beat) opens plump upon you with the statement that "There is nothing which tends so "much to litigation as uncertainty, arising either from "conflicting statutes, ambiguity of expression in the "law, or the fluctuating disposition of juries, which "may sometimes be relied on in one direction, and "sometimes in another."

— The N. Y. *Evening Post* of last Monday says, many of the competitors for the Burns' prize were nice writers, no doubt, but the one who gained the guineas proved to be an Ass:—and yet the *Post* was published the next day as usual.

— "The Hearthstone Club" is the name of an Association of Ladies just organized in this city. Its objects are Social and Domestic Reform, embracing everything pertaining to household interests and the welfare of women. Inquiries in reference to this Association may be addressed to the Secretary, 505 Broadway, New York.

— A new Cincinnati penny paper, the *Press*, is printed on a press driven by one of Ericsson's caloric engines. After giving this motor a fair trial, the editor says its complete success is established, and that his expectations are more than realized. The expense of running it is only one and a half cents an hour, or 36 cents for 24 running hours.

— The Female Medical College has conferred the degree of M.D., upon Miss Harriet Adams, New York; Mrs. Mary Malin Bailey, Pennsylvania; Miss Lizzie S. Mellin, Pennsylvania; Mrs. Maria W. Porter, Pennsylvania; Miss Catherine S. Underwood, New York.

— "What a lucky member of the alphabet the letter B is in this country!" exclaims one of our correspondents. "It is the initial letter of nearly all our great men; as for instance—Buchanan, Bennett, Bryant, Bigelow, Brandreth, Banks, Bancroft, Brooks, Beecher, Brisbane, Briggs, Burton, and so on down to Bonner, Barnum, and—Branch! And mark how all these busy bees improve each shining hour, and gather honey all the day from every opening flower!"

Dramatic Feuilleton.

The French Theatre.

"Curious fellows, these French authors," said young Whiskers to me, in front of Anna Maria's *loge*, on Tuesday. [Most charming *loge* in the house, of course; all the opera-glasses levelled at it, like the Lancaster guns at the Malakoff. *She* didn't know it, bless your soul, of course not!] I assented, calmly, to the remark of the hirsute youth. He went on: "I saw this play "a great while ago, ten years at least, at Mitchell's "Olympic, a little concern about the size of this. "Mary Taylor played in it, and so did Walcot and "George Holland. You remember Mary Taylor, miss." [The Beloved One frowned. She doesn't go back ten years. She is doing the infantile just now.] "Well, "they called it *The Lioness of the North*, then, and I re- "member that it was very nice. And they played it "at Wallack's too, calling it *Prison and Palace*." The Brightest remembered this circumstance, and told us how awfully the ladies were costumed, and how sweet Mr. Wallack Lester was as a Russian officer, shut up in prison. Whiskers, when he got an opportunity, which was not at an early period, the conversational powers of A. M. being fluvious, went on to remark upon the awful conduct of Messrs. Bayard and Lafont, in stealing *Un Changement de Main* from *The Lioness of the North*, by Mr. Selby, and *Prison and Palace*, by Mr. Palgrave Simpson, two English authors, who have suffered almost as much from Parisian piracy as Mr. Dion Bourcicault. Whiskers could not deny that the play was better in French, but that did not excuse the theft. I quite agree with Whiskers, and I think that when our Government sends a Minister who can speak French, to Paris, and they get that little affair of the musical pitch settled, something will be done about it. Why, at the *Porte Saint Martin*, three years ago, they absolutely had the impudence to steal *The Phantom* from Mr. Bourcicault, and *Jocko* from the Ravels. And then added insult to injury, by calling them "revivals." What does the religious press say to that?

So much for the origin of this comedy. The theatre and the artists have received many praises from mouths of wisest censure. The critics and men about town rejoice that at last there is something besides Miss Laura Keene's eternal American Cousin and stiff "Washington tableaux" [O Liberty! etc.]; and Mr. Lester Wallack's inevitable shell-jacket. Like Honest Sancho Panza, they look not the gift-horse in the mouth. And really, my Editor, the theatre is quite pleasant. It will remind you a little bit of the *Palais Royal*, slightly of the *Variétés*, but more of the *Beaumarchais* or *Folies Nouvelles*. The répertoire, I understand, is to include the best selections from all sources, the best comedies chiefly, and perhaps, by-and-bye, some comic opera. For the first performance, the house overflowed with an essentially metropolitan audience. No Cape Cod; no Orange county; no Chicago; no provincials of any sort. Frenchmen in great numbers, clean and dirty; a few with pure linen and beards new reaped. A minority, however, were they. Considering the quantity of soap they make, Frenchmen are the dirtiest people in the world.

The play is a good comedy of the kind, and has plenty of sharp dialogue. It is written to display, chiefly, the qualities of the first young man, who is to the modern French comedy what the Ellistons and Kembles were to the Doricourts, Rapids, Young Marlows, and so on, of eighteenth century dramatists. I may be pardoned, then, for saying that the modern style requires better actors than those demanded by the era of lace, and velvet, and buckles, and ruffles, and powdered wigs, and all the bravery of old time gentlemen. In the United States there never has been a man who had the gaiety and manner to perform the leading comedy parts. I refer to native actors. Mr. George Jordan, the best we have, looks well, costumes gorgeously, and has a good stage-presence, but no gaiety. In serious *rôles* (modern), where there is a dash of cynicism, he is superb. Mr. Lester Wallack is an elegant man, but his acting is too demonstrative, and frequently sinks into positive vulgarity. He mistakes bustle for gaiety, acts at his audience, and persistently fills the stage to the exclusion of every one else. He is the best, however, that we have, and has the superior advantage of knowing that we must recognize him. In England, there is no one, I believe, except Mr. Charles Mathews, a most admirable mimic, superb in some one-part pieces, arranged for himself. He has gaiety and manner, but not the artistic power of sinking the man Mathews in the character which Mathews assumes. So you never forget Mathews, and you do not say I have been to the theatre and have seen a charming comedy, but I have been to see Mathews, and I am—disappointed.

When I see a man who can come upon the stage in modern morning or evening costume, and interest the audience without having to descend to gag or local slang, then I will change my opinions.

Now I stick to the French.

And the success of M. Laba, the Alexis of Tuesday, quite fortifies my opinion. M. Laba is not handsome. He is rather stout, his legs are short, and his nose of colossal proportions. He has, however, a clear, fine eye, a good mouth, and a pleasant smile. He would not be considered, in a first rate Parisian theatre, say the *Gymnase*, as good enough for the first parts. He is so much better, however, than anything we have had, that he made a reputation at once. He can act without looking at the audience; he can bring down the house in roars of laughter for a good line, without throwing it over the souffleur as if it were a cannon ball instead of a bon mot. He does not grimace, nor jam his hands in his pockets, nor kick about the stage. He is gay and joyous enough, has sufficient assurance, but it is of that order of impudence which does not make one think that such a fellow would be kicked out of any gentleman's house.

And don't you often have that idea?

So much for Laba. He is a great treat, and, as such, give him a fair chance.

I must apologize to the ladies for not giving them the precedence. But that is the fault of the author chiefly. Neither the Empress (M'lle Chevalier) nor the ingenuous Feodora (M'lle Montheaux) have so much opportunity as the Alexis. Good, they are, however. Pretty, and well dressed, the latter of course. Chevalier has hardly presence enough for grand rôles like that of the Empress; she was sweet, elegant, and dignified, but did not mark the contrasts between the promptings of the woman's heart and the sovereign's pride of place, with sufficient clearness. The Feodora was deliciously *naive*. I like simplicity—in the classic poets, and on the stage. The French *ingénue* is a national type; no one ever saw an American *ingénue*. I rather think not.

Of course there was one awkward fellow. Who ever saw a first representation without one? Alexandre, officier des gardes, was not a bit like a guard nor an officer, not even of the police. He was a limp young man, standing in a melancholy way, like a half-melted ice; lost in a pair of long boots was Alexandre; much bothered with a sword, which seemed ten feet long, was Alexandre. Poor Alexandre! He was unobtrusive, and I pitied him.

I pitied him. Wretched youth—how terrible his condition!

The afterpiece was a vaudeville, in one act, *Un Monsieur qui prend la mouche*, in which Bertrand, another clever comedian (eccentric), made his *début* in the hero, a young man who takes to heart all sorts of imaginary offences, and resents them as deliberate insults. He also made a success, and I ought not to forget our old friends, Thiery and Tallot, who played well in both pieces. The title of the farce bothered a good many beginners, unfortunate persons wandering in the mazes of irregular verbs. One young gentleman informed A. M. that he understood the language perfectly, and when asked for a translation of *Un Monsieur qui prend la mouche*, said, "Ah! 'm! yes! I know; it's the man that stole the handkerchiefs." Pretty good for a savant, eh?

Now I shall not bore you any more about the French theatre, but close with a quotation from the esthetic Fry. It is a little after the style of Mr. Bunsby, but is, nevertheless, apropos. He says: "The pieces are well put on the stage, and the directors seem desirous to command approval. In proportion as this enterprise is sustained, will greater variety and excellence be forthcoming; and the probabilities favor its continuance and extension."

Mere Mention.

They have brought out another "Cousin"—English this time—at the Bowery. He is the most stupid of all. When is this run upon Cousins going to cease? And when it is over, will the authors—horrible thought—take up our other relations,—aunts, uncles, grandmothers, and so on? Don't, please. Bless 'em, let 'em rest.

Miss Laura Keene has had only four lawsuits since last week. Her Cousin has reached his 124th night, and Jefferson has some new gags. The Veteran is up to his 50th performance at Wallack's, and holds on gallantly. Mistress Menken, or le Capitaine Menken, has left town, and the *Tribune* office still stands erect. The effect of keeping the door of a theatre is nearly as disastrous to the finer feelings as writing for Appletons' Cyclopædia. A *ci-devant* check-taker has just been appointed on the police!

The papers say there are to be four new theatres built this Spring. One for Bourcicault, on the site of Mozart Hall; one by Gibson, corner of Thirteenth street and Broadway; one for Eddy, near Houston street and in Broadway; and one by Mr. Haswell, in the Bowery, near Canal street. The inevitable Trimble has already commenced work on the last-named site, I am told; but the others are still on paper only.

Antony and Cleopatra.

I intended to be very Egyptian and, of course, very profound; very classical and, of course, very unintelligible, in speaking of the performance of *Antony and Cleopatra*, which was done in a gorgeous kind of style, at the Broadway theatre on last Monday. But I wont. I'll spare you, though you don't deserve it. I'll give you only a little, after the style of the introductory remarks in the new edition of Shakspere. Cleopatra was a colored person, of good family; came from the Ptolemies, who built the Tombs. She fell in love with an army-man from Rome, one Antony, and ruined him, as a great many army-men have been ruined before, and will be again. While he was philandering at Alexandria, he aroused the indignation of his brother-in-arms, afterwards his brother-in-law, Colonel Cæsar, and, in the end, the Antony forces were soundly thrashed by the opposition. Out of these circumstances, several good-intentioned persons have attempted to make a play. That pleasant scapegrace, Sir Charles Sedley, who used to fight two duels of a morning, and write a comedy before dinner, tried it; so did old Dryden, and one Will Shakespeare, an actor and a disreputable tavern-lounger, who wouldn't be asked out to dinner now-a-days, and to whom Mr. Richard Grant White would not speak in Broadway. The play produced by Mr. Eddy is partly Shakespeare's and partly Dryden's. The best acting scene—the concluding one of the third act—is all from Dryden. Next to Titus Andronicus, Antony and Cleopatra is the heaviest and most disagreeable of Shakespeare's historical tragedies. Loosely written and badly constructed, with only shreds of character here and there, no modern manager would accept it. He would say that the speeches put in the mouth of Cleopatra displayed rare poetic genius, depth of passionate description, wonderfully beautiful similes, and so on, and that really he should be very glad, but the public, you know, etc., and hadn't the young man better try again, and so on.

I have seen Antony and Cleopatra. Where duty calls, in the terse language of the Firemen's motto, there you will find me. And there I was. It was an awful bore. Acting generally bad. Antony pretty fair, though too slow. Cleopatra a very large person dressed in crimson velvet: bad idea for Egypt, if the temperature is as high as Sir G. Wilkinson represents it. Bad for large women anywhere; crimson velvet makes them look like the Pyramids. The scenery was splendid, and the costumes, with exception noted, [illegible] I have no doubt [illegible], positively, for obvious reasons. If the acting could have been omitted, except Mr. Eddy's scene in the third act, and the bacchanalian chorus in the second, the performance would have been better. I particularly object to Cæsar, who was a short man with hair à la plaster, and those peculiar legs which one sees underneath the curtain before the minor theatre opens its glories to the humble gaze. Short, stubby legs. Legs that seem always to say "D——nation foiled again!" Legs which shout "What ho! without there—— bring in the banquet!" Legs which suggest unclean shirts, beer, and bad hats, in private life. You can always detect a gentleman by his finger nails, and I can give you an actor's status by inspecting his legs.

I don't know whether it is worth while to go and see Antony and Cleopatra or not. On the whole, I think the scenic beauties in the second and third acts will pay for the trouble. There is some ballet too, in which Ducy-Barre is charming.

PERSONNE.

Literary Notes.

— Mr. J. P. Prior, an old newspaper editor, in Tennessee, has started a new weekly, called the *Quidnunc*, at Grand Junction, Tenn.

— It is said that Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton is about to be made a peer, and that Mr. Gladstone will succeed him as Colonial Secretary.

— Two new verbs have been coined in Paris, *babiner*, meaning to talk charmingly, derived from the name of a famous talker, M. Babinet; and the other *tautiner*, to dance well, from M'lle Tautin, a great dancer. *Allons; Babinons; tautinons!*

— Mr. DICKENS is said to be writing a book which nobody is to be allowed to read but himself. In case of most other authors, the plan would be a very humane one.

— The following specimen of New England Latin, was contributed to the *Newburyport Herald* by some victim of a surprise party. The admirers of CICERO will not fail to appreciate it.

"*O Dii Immortales! Illis magnificissima omnium nonorum conferte! Vitarum Donores unquam æterbilatique sunto!*"

— The University Bookstore, Cambridge, has passed from the hands of Mr. Bartlett, who, it is rumored, is about to join a leading publishing house in Boston. Mr. Bartlett is succeeded by Messrs. Sever and Francis; Mr. Sever having been in the establishment for several years, while Mr. Francis has long been well known at Phillips, Sampson & Co.'s Bookstore in Boston.

— Mr. E. P. Whipple is to give a course of lectures before the Lowell Institute, Boston, on the "Literature of the Elizabethan Age."

— The Hon. William C. Rives has made an arrangement with Little, Brown & Co., of Boston, for the publication of his Life of MADISON.

— An official account of the celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Robert Burns, by the Boston Burns Club, Jan. 25th, 1859, has been published.

— Scribner has in press a valuable and interesting work by Mr. WILLIAM SWINTON, entitled "Rambles among Words; their Poetry, History, and Wisdom." The same house announces a new work by the author of "Salad for the Solitary," entitled "Mosaics," which is also to be published in London by Bentley. The "Salad" was so well made (and it is no small thing to make a good salad), that instead of having a "solitary" sale, it has already passed to its twelfth edition. The author—a perfect Saladin of the Quill—is Mr. F. SAUNDERS.

— From the annual report of Harvard College for the year 1858, it appears that the assets of the University, exclusive of the College buildings, with their contents, and the grounds appurtenant, amount to the sum of $1,009,686. Of this sum about $33,000 is invested in bank stocks, $84,000 in manufacturing stocks, and $22,000 in railroad stocks and bonds, $6,000 in Albany city stock, $563,000 in notes and mortgages,

$168,000 in real estate, and the balance in various ways. The funds appropriated to the education of undergraduates, or the Academic Department, amount to $496,538; to the Theological School $102,841; to the Law School $22,943; to the Medical School $23,636; Astronomical Observatory $108,561; Library $9,738; and there are large amounts held for special purposes.

— Messrs. T. & W. Boone, London, advertise upwards of 100 Volumes Printed upon Vellum in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries, Royal and Presentation Copies—Books that have belonged to Celebrated Individuals, viz: a German Bible in Black Letter, 1541, with Autograph Inscription and signed by Martin Luther—Saunderson's Life of Charles the First, Presentation Copy to Charles the Second, with Notes in Autograph of Tyrrell, the Historian—above 20 volumes of Horæ, by various Printers, with Woodcut Borders—Psalterium, Græcè, 1486, the rarest Greek Book printed in the Fifteenth Century—a beautiful Copy of the Aldine Horæ, 1497, in morocco—Early Editions of the Greek and Latin Classics, and specimens of old and richly ornamented Bindings:—also several of the original 4to. Editions of Shakespeare's Plays, as also a Fine Copy of the Second Folio Edition—The Original Editions of Milton's Paradise Lost, with Variations in the Titles—The First Edition of Spenser's Faery Queen in 2 vols. (a bequest to Samuel Rogers, the poet)—Spenser's Colin Clout and Spenser's Complaints—Chaucer's Works, in Black Letter—Rare Editions of Dante, Ariosto, Petrarch, &c.—Boccasio, Decamerone, zevir Edition, with Autograph of Racine—The Romances of Cristan, Ogier le Danois, Amadis of Greece, &c.: together with a Set of Clarendon and Burnet's Histories, on large paper, illustrated with many hundred Prints, Portraits, Maps, Original Pamphlets, Autographs, &c., forming 14 vols. folio, richly bound in red morocco—privately printed books, including the "Woburn Marbles," "The Duke of Bedford's Pines and Willows," "Roxburgh" and other Club Publications—Books illustrated with original drawings, comprising those by Hayman for Smollet's Translation of "Don Quixote"—Drawings to illustrate La Fontaine's Fables, and others by Gilpin, &c.—Books of Prints, Galleries, &c., many of them Proofs before the Letters—Specimens of Early Woodcuts, including the Aldine Edition of "Poliphile"—a large collection of Dutch "Emblems," &c.; and a large Collection of Early Voyages and Travels, many relating to America, and some in Black Letter, including both the First and Second Editions of Hakluyt's Voyages, with the rare Map—several of the Scientific Voyages published by order of the French Government—a complete set of Gould's magnificent Works on Ornithology—Spig and Martin's Natural History of Brasil, complete—Wallich, Plantæ Asiaticæ, 3 vols.—Humboldt's Nova Genera Plantarum, 7 vols. folio, half morocco—Cuvier, Règne Animal, the last Edition, complete in 20 vols. with Colored Plates.

ART ITEMS.

— The following account of the last Artists' Reception in Boston, is from the graphic correspondent of the N. Y. *Times:*

BOSTON, March 5th, 1859.

I went on Thursday evening to the Artists' reception, at the Mercantile Hall, Summer street. I was entirely unprepared for so melancholy a display of art. There were half-a-dozen things in the exhibition which repaid one for going; but the majority of the pictures that hung upon the walls were simply unworthy of criticism. The rooms were crowded. Nearly all the celebrities of literature, art, and money, were present. Splendid publishers, *swee* and hollow. Poets mixing benignly with common mortals, as if they had not been in the habit of feeding on ambrosia, and sauntering in the exclusive grounds of Parnassus. Boston beauties statelily pacing through the rooms, conscious of their awful power, and bewildering your unhappy correspondent. Why do artists allow pretty women to go to their receptions? What pigments, however cunningly plastered on canvas, will bear comparison with those glorious tints that glow on the cheeks of a beautiful woman? For two hours I saw nothing but one glorious creature, who moved through the throng leaving a wake of light after her, as a graceful vessel, cleaving the ocean, leaves a phosphorescent track behind. I saw no pictures. I saw no celebrities. It was in vain that Midas, the millionaire, was pointed out to me; it was in vain that the son of Spreadeagle, the patriot, was introduced to me; that vital poem of youth and beauty filled my soul, and it was only when she was gone that I could bring myself to regard the various efforts of patience, and the few efforts of genius, that hung upon the walls.

There was an illustration, by Billings, of Tennyson's poem of "The Sleeping Beauty," which compelled attention. Framed in a quaint Gothic device of crocketted pinnacles, peering through masses of matted foliage, lie nestled the episodes of the picture. In the centre, of course, is the Sleeping Beauty herself; her parrot, spell-struck on its perch; her tiring woman sleeping near a distant casement. Beneath, the young Prince bursting through the magic fence that screens the Palace from mortal eyes. The steward lolls over his accounts; the jolly butler is frozen in the act of raising the wine-flagon to his lips; the falconer, crouched on the ground, reposes, with his hawk on his shoulder, slumbering heedless of heron or bittern. On the summit of this wonderful piece of elaboration, sits the Mistress of Magic Art—an unholy looking beldame—weaving from her enchanted distaff the threadwork of spells that encompasses the charmed building.

This production of Mr. Billings is a specimen of singular elaboration and fancy. It is, as it were, damascened all over with fanciful illustrations of the main idea. The weakest point in the picture is the Beauty herself. Her attitude of repose is commonplace, and her face weak. It would have been better had her countenance been concealed, and her loveliness left to the imagination of each spectator. The picture has been purchased by Mr. Woodman, of this city. Among other notable pictures, were a small lake in the Adirondack, by Stillman, in which desolation and silence were expressed with singular power; an ambitious coast scene by Mr. Bierstadt, which, if not altogether successful, was in some parts remarkably well painted; a capital bit of sea—shoal water with a wreck smashing up on the comb of a huge wave—by Mr. Bradford, a Quaker painter, who has here given the best piece of water in motion that I have seen for many a day; some delightful heads in crayon by Johnston, and one by Rowse, comprised more or less the notabilities on the walls. Socially, the reception was a great success, and perfectly satisfactory to the gentlemen interested.

— At a late meeting of the Archæological Institute, London, there was exhibited a richly enamelled casket of the middle of the sixteenth century, ornamented with numerous panels, containing various subjects having reference to the origin and growth of the vine, and all of them personified by children.

— An easel picture by Raphael, about four feet high by three wide, with the Virgin and Child, of his second period, badly injured, probably by a candle, in the neck of the principal figure, but otherwise in good condition, has just been sold in Florence for 180,000 francs.

— Dublin is about to adorn itself with a statute of Oliver Goldsmith. The proposition came from the Earl of Carlisle, together with a subscription of a hundred pounds.

— The Art-Exhibition, opening on the 15th of April at Paris, will not take place at the Louvre, as was first said, but in the Champs-Elysées, where the preparations have already begun.

— The Museum of the Louvre has purchased another Murillo from the Spanish Gallery of the late Marshal Soult, at 300,000 francs. It is a "*Birth of the Holy Virgin*," to which connoisseurs give the preference over Murillo's "*Assumption of the Virgin*," which had been bought by Government for 600,000 francs.

— Powers' bust of the Hon. Jared Sparks, procured by the six classes who were under Mr. Sparks as President of Harvard College, has arrived in Boston.

— A sale took place last week consisting of the collection of coins, medals, and numismatic works of Henry Bogert, Esq. A Nuremberg gold medal of 1698, representing on one side allegorical figures, and on the other a view of the city of Nuremberg, brought $16; a silver Crimea medal of Queen Victoria, $3; a medal to Simon Bolivar, of 1825, $2; a Baltic medal of Queen Victoria, $4. Of American coins, a gold Eagle of 1796 brought $12 50, and one of 1797 $12 75; a silver dollar of 1839, $7 50; one of 1836, $5; a Chalmers shilling of 1788, $13; a Granby cent, extremely rare, $14 50; a Washington cent of 1791, $17! and another one $10 50; a Carolina half-penny, $4 25; a silver coin of 1796, $8. The gem of the collection was, however, the Washington half-dollar of 1792, which was actually sold for fifty-seven dollars. A copy of the same brought six dollars.

— The auction sale by Leeds & Co., at the Academy of Design, Thursday evening, of the large collection of paintings by the Danish artist Ferdinand Richardt, was well attended, and the bidding spirited. The catalogue comprised 84 paintings, mostly of American scenery, the productions of that industrious artist's pencil during the last two years of his residence in this country. The highest prices paid were for the views of Trenton Falls and Chaudiere Falls in Canada, each of which brought $70. The Natural Bridge of Virginia brought $62 50. Several views of White Mountain scenery and Lake Winnepisioga, ranged from $40 to $60 each. The total receipts of the collection fell a little short of $1,500. The names of White, Howe, Hepburn, Beaumont, Peppoon, Albro, and Raymond, were prominent among the purchasers. The last picture on the catalogue, being a view of Grace Church in this city, was withdrawn from the sale, as no one present appeared willing to start it above the figure of $100, a price which Mr. Leeds announced had already been offered for it at private sale.

— The friends of Ary Scheffer are preparing an Exhibition of his works. Since the year 1846, Scheffer had exhibited nothing; but to his last moment he was diligently at work, and the subjects of his last works show him to have been fresh in fancy and conception to the hour of his death. At all times his *atelier* was richly furnished with his works, although they were mostly sold before finished. There you could find the pictures after the poets which he loved: "The Giaour," from Byron's poem; "Eberhard der Rauschebart, der König von Thule," after Goethe; "The Gretchen," from "Faust"; and, before all, the glorious "Francesca da Rimini," with all the pictures belonging to the Duchess of Orleans, which he had in keeping. Besides these, he had a portrait gallery of the nineteenth century, among which were portraits of Béranger, Lamennais, Lamartine, Cavaignac, Guizot, Manin, &c.

— A purchase has been made by the French Government, for the Museum of the Hôtel de Cluny. It consists in eight gold crowns, richly ornamented with sapphires and pearls, which have been found at Toledo, the capital of the old Gothic kings. The place where these treasures have been found, is called "Fuente de Guarrazar." The setting of these crowns is very clever; the largest of the eight, the circlet of which is ten centimètres in height, bears the name of King Reccesvinthus, who reigned in Spain from 649 to 672. The second largest crown, very likely worn by the wife of Reccesvinthus, has a striking similarity with the crown of Queen Theodelinde, preserved at Monza. The other six crowns, of different shapes and smaller circumference, seems to have appertained to the children of the Gothic king. All the crowns have fine gold chains suspended to them, and one gold chain, slipped through the centre of each crown, bears a large cross adorned with precious stones. It appears from an inscription on one of the crosses, that these treasures were an offering to the Holy Virgin of Sorbaces; they are very like the Merovingian jewels.

— At a late meeting of the Royal Society of Literature, London, Mr. W. S. W. Vaux read a paper "On the Recent Researches of C. T. Newton, Esq., in Asia Minor," in which he pointed out the value of the great cargo of sculpture which Mr. Newton had, during the last month, sent home to the British Museum. These monuments consist of the supplementary collection from the ruins of the Mausoleum at Halicarnassus,—of a very curious set of statues, belonging to a remote period of antiquity, from Branchidæ, near Miletus,—and of a colossal lion and several minor fragments of statues, inscriptions, &c., from Cnidus. The Mausoleum sculptures include portions of the wheel of Quadriga, which once stood at the top of the structure, together with a large and miscellaneous collection of architectural fragments, likely to be of great use to students in England. The statues from Branchidæ—consisting of a series of seated figures from what was called "The Sacred Way"—are probably the oldest Greek sculptures which have been discovered. Mr. Vaux was disposed to place some of these as early as B. C. 570; but some gentlemen who were present argued in favor of an antiquity considerably more remote.

— Mr. R. S. Poole recently read a paper before the London Numismatic Society, "On a Coin of Mallus in Cilicia, recently acquired by the British Museum," in which he states that it is one of extreme rarity, and, in all probability, unique. It may be described as follows:—Obv.: Minerva seated to the left, holding a spear in her right hand, and resting her left upon a shield. Rev.: ΜΑΛ (for ΜΑΛΛΩΤΩΝ). Mercury standing and holding in his right hand Caduceus, and to his right Venus, also standing, with her right hand on his shoulder, and her left arm resting on a column, weight 159.8 grains. The art of this coin is fine in character, and delicately, though somewhat hardly, treated. Had it belonged to Greece Proper, or to Western Asia Minor, it might have been referred to the age of Phidias; but we have not sufficient data as yet whereby to judge of the art of the Cilician and Pamphylian cities with any certainty. It is, however, probably not later than B. C. 400. It may be compared with the beautiful money of Celendris, which, as a series, is perhaps the finest in Asia Minor.

— A portrait of Arabella Stuart, precisely similar to the one belonging to the Duke of Portland, which went from Bolsover to Manchester in 1857, has recently gained notoriety among portrait hunters in consequence of some extensive restorations applied to it, enhanced still further, it may be, by the mention in other quarters of a presumed likeness of the same lady, to which no satisfactory proof could be attached. The picture belonged to the Duke of Devonshire, and was discarded from both Haddon and Hardwick as too far gone, and worthless. Modern industry has, however, by dint of unveiling, replacing, and high varnishing, made a rotten picture sufficiently presentable to claim a place on the high walls from which it had been driven. A tablet on the background to the left is inscribed, "*Arbella Stuarta, Comitissa Leviniæ, ætatis suæ 13 et ½, Anno Dñi. 1589.*" The coloring of the figure, as in the Welbeck admirably preserved duplicate, is very pale and grey. The dress is white, studded with square black jewels; and her light brown hair streams over her shoulders and broad white sleeves. The pale blue eyes and melancholy features have a decided Stuart character. The face closely resembles that of her father in the Hampton Court picture.

— The Boston Athenæum accepts the Venus by Page, about which there was a good deal of talk when it first arrived in this country. Its probable destination was a literary institution of this city, had not the Athenæum concluded to take it. The donors are Charles E. Norton, Samuel Ward, James Russell Lowell, and others.

ENTERTAINMENTS.

SATURDAY, MARCH 12.—French Theatre. Les Premières Armes de Richelieu. La Corde Sensible.

MONDAY, MARCH 14.—Cooper Institute. Hon. John B. Scoles. Subject: The Birth and Development of the American Republic.—Wallack's Theatre. The Veteran. Lester Wallack's Benefit.—Westminster Church, 22d street. Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. Subject: Success and Failure in Life.

TUESDAY, MARCH 15.—Dodworth's Hall. Wm. Mason and Theodore Thomas. Classical Matinee, 3 P.M.—Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. Rev. Henry M. Scudder, M.D., of India. The Physical Features, Races, Languages, Philosophy, and Literature of India, with a delineation of Hindoo Character.

The Saturday Press Book List.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING MARCH 12, 1859.

The List of "NEW BOOKS" and "BOOKS IN PRESS" which we publish, every week, at great cost of both time and money, is carefully compiled from the most authentic sources, and is the most complete and reliable List of the kind which has ever been published either in this country or in Europe. It is not prepared in the interest or at the expense (directly or indirectly) of the Bookselling Trade, but exclusively at our own cost, and with the sole object of giving additional value to the columns of THE SATURDAY PRESS.

N. B.—In order to avoid misapprehension, we take this opportunity of informing Booksellers and Publishers, throughout the country, that if we send them THE SATURDAY PRESS, whether regularly or occasionally, it is for the sole purpose of suggesting to them the obvious propriety of forwarding us advance copies of their Catalogues and Announcements. This explanation becomes necessary from the fact that, in two or three instances, it has been inferred that our object in sending the paper was to secure subscriptions and advertisements: we are, of course, very glad to receive favors of that kind, but when it becomes necessary for us to solicit them, we shall do so in express terms.

REMARKS.

1. Under the head of "BOOKS IN PRESS" are included not only books actually in the hands of the printer, but those announced as "in preparation."

2. Under the head of "AMERICAN" and "ENGLISH" are included reprints and translations.

3. The List being entirely new every week (except in case of certain standard or otherwise important works which we occasionally insert two or three times), it is important that those who depend upon it for their book-information should preserve the paper on file.

NEW BOOKS.

AMERICAN.

POETRY.

The Romance of the Ring, and other Poems. By James Nack. 12mo., cloth, gilt, $1. New York: Delisser & Procter.

Poems. By Rev. T. Hempstead. New York: M. W. Dodd.

BIOGRAPHICAL, ETC.

Prescott Memorial. Containing an original Portrait, engraved expressly for this work, and the best likeness extant: with Addresses of Edward Everett, George Bancroft, Jared Sparks, Robert C. Winthrop, Prof. Ticknor, Dr. Frothingham, Prof. Felton, and the Hon. Henry D. Gilpin. With Recollections by his former Secretary; Letter of the Rev. W. H. Milburn, and other matter of interest. 25 cents. New York: C. Benjamin Richardson.

MEDICAL, SURGICAL, ETC.

The American Eclectic Practice of Medicine. By I. G. Jones, M.D., Formerly Professor of Theory and Practice of Medicine in the Eclectic Medical Institute of Cincinnati. Extended and Revised by Wm. Sherwood, M.D., Professor of Medical Practice and Pathology in the Eclectic College of Medicine, Cincinnati. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 1600. $7. Cincinnati: Moore, Wilstach, Keys & Co.

Elements of Materia Medica and Therapeutics. Adapted to the American Eclectic or Reformed Practice. With numerous Illustrations. By J. Kost, M.D., Professor of Materia Medica, Therapeutics, and Botany, in the American Medical College, Cincinnati, etc. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 829. $4 50. Cincinnati: Moore, Wilstach, Keys & Co.

SCIENTIFIC.

Kidder's Guide to Apiarian Science; being a Practical Treatise in every department of Bee Culture and Bee Management, embracing the Natural History of the Bee, from the Earliest Period of the World down to the Present Time; giving the Anatomy and Physiology of the different Species of Bees that constitute the Colony, etc. 12mo. pp. 175. K. B. Kidder.

THEOLOGICAL, RELIGIOUS, ETC.

Right of the Bible in our Public Schools. By George B. Cheever, D.D. 16mo. pp. 363. 75 cents. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers.

Institution of the Sabbath. By William Logan Fisher. 12mo. pp. 248. $1. T. B. Pugh.

The Catacombs of Rome: as illustrating the Church of the First Three Centuries. By the Right Rev. William Ingraham Kip, D.D., Missionary Bishop of California, author of "The Lenten Fast," "The Double Witness of the Church," etc., etc. Fourth Edition. 12mo. pp. 212. 75 cents. New York: Daniel Dana, jr.

Payson's Works; being the Memoir, Select Thoughts, and Sermons of the late Rev. Edward Payson, D.D. Compiled by Asa Cummings, D.D. 3 vols. 8vo. pp. 606–608–608. $3.75. Philadelphia: William S. & Alfred Martien.

Man and His Dwelling-Place. An Essay Toward the Interpretation of Nature. 12mo. pp. 391. New York: Redfield.

The Greyson Letters: Selections from the Correspondence of R. E. H. Greyson, Esq. Edited by Henry Rogers, author of the "Eclipse of Faith," "Reason and Faith: their Claims and Conflicts," etc. 12mo. pp. 518. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1859.

The Losing and Taking of Mansoul; or, Lectures on the Holy War. By Alfred S. Patton, A.M., author of "Kincaird, the Hero-Missionary," "Light in the Valley," "My Joy and Crown," etc. 12mo. pp. 286. New York: Sheldon & Co.

MISCELLANEOUS.

My Thirty Years out of the Senate. By Major Jack Downing. Being the Entire Writings, Humorous, Political, and Satirical, of the Confidential Friend and Secret Adviser of President Andrew Jackson and several succeeding Presidents. Illustrated with Sixty-four Original Engravings. New York: Oaksmith & Co.

NOVELS, TALES, ETC.

Ivanhoe. By Sir Walter Scott. 25 cents. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. [Library of Sterling Novels.]

Sybil Grey; or, the Triumphs of Virtue. A Romance of the Opera. 1 volume, paper cover. Price 25 cents. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

TRAVELS, SKETCHES, &c.

Letters from Spain and Other Countries. By William Cullen Bryant. 1 vol. 12mo., cloth. $1 25. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

JUVENILE.

Honey-Blossoms for Little Bees. New York: M. W. Dodd. 1859.

Sunday Sketchts for Children. By a Father. New York: M. W. Dodd. 1859.

Henry Willard; or, the Value of Right Principles. New York: M. W. Dodd.

The Young Irishman. From "A Pastor's Sketches; or, Conversations with Anxious Inquirers respecting the Way of Salvation." By J. S. Spencer, D.D. New York: M. W. Dodd. 1859.

ENGLISH.

RELIGIOUS, ETC.

Christianity contrasted with Hindu Philosophy; a Practical Treatise. By James R. Ballantyne, LL.D., Professor of Moral Philosophy and Principal of the Government Sanscrit College at Benares. 1 vol., 8vo. London: James Madden.

Christianity in India. By John William Kaye, Author of "Life of Lord Metcalfe," &c. 8vo. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

The Theological Works of Isaac Barrow, D.D., Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. Edited by the Rev. Alexander Napier, M.A., Trinity College, Cambridge. With a notice of Barrow's Life and Academical Times. By W. Whewell, D.D., Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. 9 vols., 8vo. £4 14s. 6d. Cloth. Cambridge: Deighton, Bell & Co.

The Church Distinguished; or, The Christian Community in its Relation to the World. By Caleb Webb. 12mo., pp. 250, cloth. 4s. London: Houlston.

SCIENTIFIC.

The Progress of the Telegraph; being the Introductory Lecture on Technology for 1858–9. By George Wilson, M.D., F.R.S.E., Regius Professor of Technology in the University of Edinburgh, and Director of the Industrial Museum of Scotland. 1s. London: Macmillan & Co.

Latin Suffixes. By the Rev. J. T. White, M.A. of C.C.C., Oxford; First Master of the Latin School, Christ's Hospital, London. 8vo. 5s. London: Longman, Brown & Co.

Philological Essays of the late Rev. Richard Garnett. Edited (with a Memoir) by his Son. 10s. 6d. 8vo., cloth. London: Williams & Norgate.

Half-Hours with the Microscope. A Popular Guide to the Use of the Microscope as a Means of Instruction and Amusement; with Drawings of 250 Objects from Nature. By Tuffen West. 2s. 6d. London: Robert Hardwicke.

An Accentuated List of British Lepidoptera; with Hints on the Derivation of Names. 8vo., cloth. 5s. London: Van Voorst.

Miscellaneous Papers on Mechanical Subjects. By Joseph Whitworth. 8vo., pp. 128, cloth. 5s. London: Longmans.

POETRY.

Poems. By Ian, Author of "The Prize Ode on Burns," Recited at the Crystal Palace Centenary Festival. Foolscap, 8vo. 4s. 6d. London: William Blackwood & Sons.

Rival Rhymes; commemorative of the First Centenary of the Birth-Day of Burns; not destined for the Prize of the Crystal Palace, but the Surprise of the Public in general, who are requested to be their own judges on the occasion. Contributed by the following choice Pens: F—r P—t, The P—t L—te, W. M. T—y, B—y C—w—ll, H. W. L—g—w, M. F. T—r, L—d M—y, S. L—r, G—ves of S—yd—n, T. C—le. Immortals: T. C—b—ll, J. M—t—n, A. P—pe, T. H—d. Collected and edited by Ben Trovato. 2s. 6d. London: Routledge.

Carmina Minima. By Charles Cowden Clarke. 8vo., pp. 32. 1s. London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co.

Spray; Poems. Post 8vo., pp. 90. 8s. London: Macmillan.

Poems. By Joseph Truman. 12mo., cloth. 2s. 6d. London: Longman, Brown & Co.

Poems and Lancashire Songs. By Edwin Waugh. 12mo., pp. 150, cloth. 5s. London: Whittaker.

Poems. By Frederic W. Wyon. 12mo., pp. 144, cloth. 5s. London: Smith & Elder.

SOCIOLOGY.

Social Innovators and Their Schemes. By William Lucas Sargant, Author of "The Science of Social Opulence." Post 8vo. 10s. 6d. Cloth. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

The Duchess of Orleans, Helen of Mecklenburg-Schwerin; a Memoir from the French. Translated by Mrs. Austin. 8vo. Cloth. London: W. Jeffs.

HISTORICAL.

Personal Memoirs of Charles the Second; with Sketches of his Court and Times. By Captain Clayton, Author of "Letters from the Nile," "Ubique." 2 vols., with Portraits. 21s. London: Charles J. Skeet.

A Critical History of the Language and Literature of Ancient Greece. By William Mure, of Caldwell. Volumes I. to III., the Mythical Period, Homer, Hesiod, and the Epic Cycle, and the Lyric Poets, Second Edition, 36s. Volume IV., comprising Historical Literature to the Death of Herodotus, 15s. Volume V., containing Thucydides, Xenophon, and the remaining Historians of the Attic Period, 18s. £3 9s. Cloth. London: Longman, Brown & Co.

Andrews's History of Newspapers. 2 vols. post, 8vo. 21s. London: Richard Bentley.

Traditions of London; Historical and Legendary. By Waters. Post 8vo., pp. 260. 5s. London: W. Kent.

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A Lady's Escape from Gwalior, and Life in the Fort of Agra during the Mutinies of 1857. By Mrs. Coopland, widow of the Rev. George William Coopland. Post 8vo. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

Our Brothers and Cousins; a Summer Tour in Canada and the States. By John Macgregor. 12mo., pp. 176, cloth. 2s. 6d. London: Seeley.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL.

Trübner's Bibliographical Guide to American Literature. A Classed List of Books published in the United States of America, from 1817 to 1857. With Bibliographical Introduction, Notes, and Alphabetical Index. Compiled and Edited by Nicholas Trübner. 1 vol., 8vo., half-bound. $4 50. London: Trübner & Co. [For Sale in New York by Wiley & Halsted.]

MEDICAL.

Practical Observations in the Operations for Strangulated Hernia. By J. H. James. 8vo., pp. 100. Cloth. 5s. London: I. Churchill.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Popular Outlines of the Press, Ancient and Modern; or, A Brief Sketch of the Origin and Progress of Printing, and its Introduction into this Country. With a Notice of the Newspaper Press. By Charles A. Macintosh. Small crown, 8vo., cloth. 3s. London: Wertheim.

BOOKS IN PRESS.

AMERICAN.

MOORE, WILSTACH, KEYS & CO., CINCINNATI.

The Wheat Plant: Its Origin, Culture, Growth, Development, Composition, Varieties, Diseases, etc., etc. Together with a few remarks on Indian Corn, its Culture etc. By John H. Klippart, Corresponding Secretary of the Ohio State Board of Agriculture; Member of the Academy of Natural Sciences, Cleveland; Honorary Member of West. Acad. Nat. Sci., Cincinnati, and Corresponding Secretary of Columbus Sci. Association. 1 vol. 400 to 500 pages. Profusely illustrated.

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Literary Reminiscences and Memoir of Thomas Campbell, author of "The Pleasures of Hope." By his Friend and Confidant, Cyrus Redding, author of "Fifty Years' Recollections, Literary and Personal."

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The Silver Land; a Sequel to "Frank Beresford, or Life in the Army." By Capt. Curling, author of "The Soldier of Fortune." 1 vol. small 8vo.

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The Wife and the Ward; or, A Life's Error: a Story of Indian Life. Dedicated (by permission) to Lord Clyde. By Lieut. Col. Money, author of "Twelve Months with the Bashi-Bazouks."

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Discourses by the late John Brown, D.D., Professor of Exegetical Theology to the United Presbyterian Church, with a Memoir of his Life. By John Cairns, D.D., Berwick-on-Tweed.

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The Life of Sir Joshua Reynolds, with Notices of Hogarth, Wilson, Garnsborough, and other artists, his contemporaries. By C. R. Leslie, R.A. Copiously illustrated. Foolscap. 4to.

Literary Remains of the Rev. Richard Jones, late Professor of Political Economy at Haileybury College. With a prefatory notice. By the Rev. W. Whewell, D.D. Portrait. 8vo.

NEW PUBLICATIONS

Received at the Office of The Saturday Press,

For the week ending March 12, 1859.

MAN AND HIS DWELLING-PLACE. An Essay Towards the Interpretation of Nature. 12mo., pp. 391. New York: Redfield. 1859.

HONEY-BLOSSOMS FOR LITTLE BEES. New York: M. W. Dodd. 1859.

THE BIG BEAR OF ARKANSAS AND OTHER SKETCHES, illustrative of Characters and Incidents in the South and Southwest. Edited by William T. Porter. With Illustrations, by Darley. 12mo., pp. 199. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 1859.

SUNDAY SKETCHES FOR CHILDREN. By a Father. New York: M. W. Dodd. 1859.

HENRY WILLARD; OR, THE VALUE OF RIGHT PRINCIPLES. By the Author of "Edward Clifford." New York: M. W. Dodd.

IVANHOE. By Sir Walter Scott. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. [Library of Sterling Novels.] 1859.

THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER. No. CCXII. March, 1859. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co.

THE SWAMP DOCTOR'S ADVENTURES IN THE SOUTHWEST, containing the whole of the Louisiana Swamp Doctor; Strokes of Squatter Life; and Far Western Scenes; in a Series of forty-two Humorous Southern and Western Sketches, descriptive of Incidents and Character. By "Madison Tensas," M.D., and "Solitaire" (John S. Robb, of St. Louis, Mo.), author of "Swallowing Oysters Alive," etc. With fourteen illustrations, from Original Designs by Darley. 12mo., pp. 187. $1 25. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 1859.

ALICE LEARMONT; OR, A MOTHER'S LOVE. By the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." With illustrations by James Godwin. 12mo., pp. 166. Mayhew & Baker. 1859.

THE LOSING AND TAKING OF MANSOUL; OR, LECTURES ON THE HOLY WAR. By Alfred S. Patton, A.M., author of "Kincaid, the Hero-Missionary," "Light in the Valley," "My Joy and Crown," etc. 12mo., pp. 286. New York: Sheldon & Co. 1859.

THE LIFE OF JOHN MILTON. Narrated in connection with the Political, Ecclesiastical, and Literary History of his Time. By David Masson, M.A., Professor of English Literature, University College, London. Vol. I., embracing the period from 1608 to 1639. With portraits, and specimens of his handwriting at different periods. Royal octavo, cloth, pp. 658. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

ESSAYS IN BIOGRAPHY AND CRITICISM. By Peter Bayne, M.A., author of "The Christian Life, Social and Individual." Arranged in two Series, or Parts. 12mo., cloth, pp. 426–392. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

THE GREYSON LETTERS. Selections from the Correspondence of R. E. H. Greyson, Esq. Edited by Henry Rogers, author of "The Eclipse of Faith." 12mo., cloth, pp. 518. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

THESAURUS OF ENGLISH WORDS AND PHRASES, so classified and arranged as to facilitate the expression of ideas, and assist in literary composition. New and Improved Edition. By Peter Mark Roget, late Secretary of the Royal Society, London, &c. Revised and edited, with a list of Foreign Words defined in English, and other additions, by Barnas Sears, D.D., President of Brown University. A New American Edition, with Additions and Improvements. 12mo., cloth, pp. 468. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

THE YOUNG IRISHMAN. From "A Pastor's Sketches; or, Conversations with Anxious Inquirers respecting the Way of Salvation." By J. S. Spencer, D.D. New York: M. W. Dodd. 1859.

Contents of Magazines.

The Christian Examiner for March: Richard Baxter; Assyrian History; History of Methodism in England; Recent Works on Syria and the Holy Land; Dr. Ichabod Nicholas; Siam; Condition of the Free Colored People of the United States; What made Franklin? The old Rhode Island Question; Review of Current Literature; Literary Intelligence; New Publications Received.

— Mr. Charles M. Willich, of London, has established a simple rule for determining the value of property in life, at any age from five to sixty. His formula stands thus:—$x = \frac{2}{3}(80 - a)$; or, in plain words, the Expectation of Life is equal to two-thirds of the difference between the age of the party and eighty. Thus, say a man is now twenty years old. Between that age and eighty there are sixty years. Two-thirds of sixty are forty:—and this is the sum of his Expectation of Life. If a man be now sixty he will have an Expectation of nearly fourteen years more. By the same rule, a child of five has a lien on life for fifty years. Every one can apply the ule tohis own age. Mr. Willich's hypothesis may be as easily remembered as that by De Moivre in the last century, which has now become obsolete, from the greater accuracy of mortality tables. The results obtained by the new law correspond very closely with those from Dr. Farr's English Life Table, constructed with great care from an immense mass of returns.

— Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. have added nine volumes to their series of the British Poets. Four of these complete, in a subordinate series of eight volumes, the collection of Ballads which the Editor has gathered from various sources. One of the new volumes contains the Robin Hood Ballads, another the Border Ballads, another the Historical Ballads, and the concluding one embraces a miscellaneous selection from the Humorous, the Satirical, and the Burlesque, with an occasional intrusion of the Moral and the Scriptural, of this species of composition. A Glossary and a full Index, brief Prefaces, with illustrative notes and references, make these eight volumes of Ballads a complete and most desirable collection, independently of their relation to the whole series of Poets. The other five new volumes contain the Poetical Works of James Montgomery, with a Memoir and Prefaces, general and particular.

— "Owen Meredith" is the *nom de plume* of Edward Robert Bulwer Lytton, only son of the Colonial Secretary. He made his first anonymous appearance in print, as a Harrow School Boy, in the columns of the *Albion*, during his residence in this country. A new volume of his Poems has just been published in London.

— The following is a corrected list of Paris journals, with their respective circulation:—

Le Siècle (Republican), 36,500; *Le Constitutionnel* (Ministerial), 26,000; *La Patrie* (Ministerial), (25,000); *La Presse* (Republican), 21,000; *Le Moniteur* (official journal), 15,000; *Les Débats* (Orleanist), 9,000; *L'Univers* (Catholic and Legitimist), 8,885; *Le Pays* (Ministerial), 8,000; *Le Messager* (neutral), 5,500; *L'Union* (Catholic and Legitimist), 5,200; *Le Courrier de Paris* (Republican), 4,000; *La Gazette de France* (Henry V.), 3,200; *Galignani's Messenger* (English), 3,200; *La Gazette des Tribunaux* (law), 1,900; *Le Droit* (law), 1,800; *Charivari* (comic), 1,800. The theatrical journals are eleven in number, of which *L'Entr'acte* has the highest circulation—1,800. The *Figaro-Programme* has 1,200. Of the illustrated, literary, monthlies, weeklies, bi-weeklies, and semi-weeklies, the following are the principal, with their circulation: *L'Univers Illustré*, 45,000; *Le Monde Illustré*, 20,000; *L'Illustration*, 27,000; *La Revue des Deux Mondes* (Republican), 10,000; *Figaro*, 9,000; *Journal Amusant*, 3,000; *Moniteur de l'Armée* (official), 4,000; *Revue Contemporaine* (Bonapartist), 2,500; *L'Audience*, 2,500; *Journal des Villes et Campagnes*, 2,000; *Gazette de Paris*, 1,400; *Revue et Gazette des Théâtres*, 1,200; *L'Artiste*, 1,000; *Europe Artiste*, 1,000; *Gazette Musicale*, 1,000; *Ménestrel*, 1,000; *Tintamarre*, 800; *France Musicale*, 700.

— Prof. Jacob Grimm relates the following anecdote: "Not long ago, a little girl of about eight years old, apparently belonging to a good family, rings at the door of Dr. Grimm, and tells the servant that she wishes to speak to the 'Herr Professor.' Thinking that the little one had to deliver a message, the servant shows her into the study of the Professor, who receives her kindly, and asks after her errand. The child looks at him with earnest eyes and says, 'Is it thou who hast written those fine Märchen?' (fairy tales). 'Yes, my dear,' answers Dr. Grimm, my brother and I have written the Haus Märchen.' 'Then thou hast also written the tale of the clever little tailor, where it is said at the end, who will not believe it must pay a thaler?' 'Yes, I have written that too.' 'Well, then, I do not believe it, and so I suppose I have to pay a thaler; but as I have not so much money now, I'll give thee a groschen on account, and pay the rest by-and-by.'" The savant, as may be imagined, was not a little surprised and amused. He inquired after the name of his conscientious little reader, and took care that she reached her home safely.

— In the library of the Castle of Belem, Portugal, an autograph report has been found from the hand of Jean Nicot, Seigneur de Villemain, who in 1560 was ambassador of Francis the Second, at the court of Lisbon. In this document the Seigneur Nicot states, that a Flemish merchant has made him acquainted with a plant of a peculiarly pleasant taste. This plant was the tobacco bearing now the Latin name of its introducer, *Herba Nicotiana*.

Ocean Mail Steamers.

The European mails by the *City of Baltimore*, hence for Liverpool, to-day, March 12, will close at the New York Post-office at 10 1-2 o'clock, A. M.

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BOSTON ATHENÆUM.

The next exhibition of the Boston Athenæum will open on or about the 1st of April, and will continue open until after the close of the New York Exhibition.

Contributors are requested to send a list of their contributions to L. R. Menger & Co., 12 Dey street, New York, on or before the 20th day of March.

The expense of transportation on all works forwarded by its Agents, will be borne by the Athenæum.

All communications relating to the Exhibition should be addressed to

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BOSTON, Feb. 15, 1859.

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THIRTY-FOURTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION
OF THE
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Will be held in the spacious suite of Galleries, erected for the temporary use of the Academy, in TENTH STREET, one door East of Broadway.

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Artists out of the city, will please send their cases (carriage prepaid), so that they may arrive between the 21st and the 30th of March, marked "NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, TENTH STREET, NEW YORK."

Lists of the works intended for exhibition should be sent to the undersigned, UNIVERSITY, NEW YORK, by or before the 21st March, and a *Card, carefully and clearly written*, should be attached to each contribution—with its title, the name and residence of the Artist, the name of the Possessor, and the price—if for sale.

The Galleries will be open to ARTIST EXHIBITORS only, to varnish their Pictures, on Saturday, April 9th, from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M.

The PRIVATE VIEW will be on Monday, April 11th.

The PUBLIC EXHIBITION will commence on Tuesday, April 12, and will close about the end of June.

The Works of LIVING ARTISTS only are eligible. ORIGINAL PAINTINGS, SCULPTURES, ARCHITECTURAL DESIGNS or MODELS and ENGRAVINGS, which have never before been exhibited in the city of New York.

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AGATHA AT THE GATE.

BY CLIVE.

Reaching up at the roses
  That flame in the Summer air,
Scarce deigning a glance at me
  Loitering, lingering there,
Loving her—how could I help it?
  She's worthy a kingly mate—
Fairer than any blossom there,
  Was Agatha at the gate.

She plucked a bud and I envied it;
  Did it not touch her hand?
I would rather have one smile from her,
  Than a Baron's rank and land;
But when I begged and prayed for a flower,
  Slain I was with a look:
"Give you my roses! No, not I,
  To waste in your herbal book."

With a laugh, like the tinkle of silver bells,
  She fled down the garden path,
And by-and-by the sun went down
  Glowing in Summer wrath;
But there I stood where she left me,
  Until the night grew late,
Thinking and dreaming only
  Of Agatha at the gate.

Tripping back in the moonlight,
  Humming a merry song,
Wondering where she had left her gloves,
  Agatha danced along.
But, ah! she could not find them,
  (I suppose it must be confest,)
The trim little gloves were hidden
  Safe, and close to my breast.

Startled she was when I stepped out
  From under the shade of the trees;
And she pouted her cherry lips at me—
  Beautiful, naughty tease.
But I caught her little white hands in mine;
  "Agatha, you are my fate;
I love you, the sweetest maiden that ever
  Stood at a garden gate."

The little white hands struggled hard to escape,
  But I held them fast in mine:
"Not till you answer my question,
  Either by word or sign.
Once more—I love you, love you!
  Love, I seek your heart;
By word or sign now tell me,
  Shall I stay—or depart?"

The little white hands were passive and still;
  I held them at my grace;
A tear-drop glittered on her cheek
  As she raised that sweetest face;
She blushed her love, and nestled close
  As a dove beside her mate;
And I lifted her rosy mouth and kissed
  My Agatha at the gate.

—*Sunday Delta.*

LORD BYRON.

BY GEORGE TICKNOR.

I became acquainted with Lord Byron in June, 1815, through the kindness of Mr. Gifford, editor of the *Quarterly Review*, who had a personal regard for the great poet, and to whom alone, as Lord Byron more than once told me, he supposed himself to be indebted for the kindness shown him in that eminently Tory journal. Lord Byron was then living in a large and fine house in Piccadilly. I saw him there only a few times—four in all—during the ten days I was in London after I became acquainted with him; besides which, however, I met him once in Murray's room, Albermarle street, and once passed an evening with him, Lady Byron, and Sir Ralph and Lady Noel, in his private box, in Drury Lane Theatre, to see Kean in "Rule a Wife," Lord Byron being then one of the managing committee of that theatre, and an admirer of Kean. The whole of such an acquaintance was necessarily not much, and could give only the most superficial view even of his manners.

Each time that I saw him at home, Lady Byron was with him, or came into the room while I was there. On these occasions, as well as at the theatre, his manners towards her were very natural and simple, and those of a happy man. He had then been married about six months, and was separated from her about six months afterwards, under circumstances still imperfectly explained to the public, but which were known at the time to Dr. Lushington. His remarkable letter, published at the end of Moore's life, when taken in connection with the pure and elevated character of the eminent magistrate who wrote it, to express his deliberate judgment on the whole affair, can leave no reasonable doubt that the separation was made from causes very discreditable to Lord Byron.

The first time I saw him, I was struck with his movements as he came into the room where I was waiting for him. There was a screen before the door, so that I could not immediately see him; but the sound that came from behind it was as if two or three people were entering together. He advanced towards me rapidly, with his person bent forward, owing, I supposed, to the malconformation of his lower limbs, for I noticed the same thing on other occasions. Soon after he sat down he took up one of his feet, which were nicely laced in Wellington boots, and had fashionable white drill pantaloons drawn down over them tight and low, and patted and petted it, as I thought, to see whether I took any especial notice of it. I was careful not to do so; I had been warned. But, except in these trifles, I never saw anything in his manner that was probably the result of his deformity. In all the upper part of his person he was very handsome, round and full; but his complexion was sallow and pale. His general air was perfectly easy and natural, the tones of his voice were low and conciliating.

He talked a good deal about America, and was curious on the subject of our universities and literature, inquiring particularly whether we looked upon Barlow as our Homer. Of his own "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," which was then suppressed in England, he said that he wrote it when he was very young and very angry—adding that those were the only circumstances under which a man would write such a satire. Since he had come back to England, he said that Lord Holland, who had been very kind to him, and Rogers, who had become his friend, had asked him not to continue to reprint it, and so he had suppressed it. Indeed, he went on, he had become of late acquainted with nearly all the persons he had satirized, and had a hearty liking for them, especially as they did not refuse to know a person who had so much abused them. He had no longer any quarrel with any of them, except Lord Carlisle, and as that was a family difference, he said he supposed it would never be settled. On every account, therefore, he expressed himself as glad that the book was out of print; and yet he showed no regret when I told him that it was freely circulated in the United States. His poems published during his minority he said he had suppressed because they were not worth reading, and he wondered that our booksellers should reprint them.

While he was talking in this way, Sir James Bland Burges, a fourth or fifth rate poet, who wrote "The Exodiad" with Cumberland, and a part of whose "Epick on Richard the Lion-Hearted" Lord Byron, in his "Hints from Horace," says he found at Malta lining a trunk—came suddenly into the room and said abruptly: "My Lord! My Lord! a great battle has been fought in the low countries, and Bonaparte is entirely defeated." "But is it true?" said Lord Byron, "is it true?" "Yes, my Lord, it is certainly true. An aide-de-camp arrived in town last night. He has been in Downing street this morning, and I have just seen him, as he was going to Lady Wellington's. He says he thinks Bonaparte is now in full retreat towards Paris." After an instant's pause, Lord Byron replied: "I am d—d sorry for it;" and then, after another slight pause, he added: "I didn't know but I might live to see Lord Castlereagh's head on a pole: but I suppose I shan't now." And this was the first impression produced on his impetuous and ill-governed nature by the news of the battle of Waterloo. Two days afterwards I met him at Murray's rooms, where he received very good humoredly, the satirical congratulations of Gifford and some other of his Tory friends, on the great victory; but he did not disguise his feelings or opinions about it, and would not admit that the Emperor's case was desperate even then. I was much surprised at all this, though less than I should have been if I had not already heard similar feeling about the whole war of the Hundred Days with Bonaparte, expressed by leading Whigs, such as the excellent Mr. Roscoe, at Liverpool, who, of course, spoke more wisely and mildly on the subject, and by Dr. Parr, at Hatton, who was almost as extravagant as Lord Byron.

A day or two afterward he sent me a copy of all his works, with letters of introduction for Greece and Turkey, adding to the *gens* for Ali Pacha a curious pistol, which I subsequently returned, as I went to Spain instead of Greece. Two of the letters I still possess; and I have just observed, by a comparison with notes that I received from Lady Byron twenty years later, that one of them, which is in very nicely-turned French, is in her handwriting.

On another occasion Lord Byron talked to me of a plan he had once entertained of establishing himself in Greece, and twice he expressed to me his purpose of visiting the United States, saying the first time, that he had never envied any men more than he did Lewis and Clarke, when he read the account of their travels, and that he had ever since felt the greatest desire to see our Indians. The "English Bards," to which he recurred again, he told me he wrote at his place in the country the Winter before he went to Greece, at a time when there was a heavy fall of snow on the ground, and he kept house for a month, during which time he never saw the light of day, rising in the evening after dark and going to bed in the morning before dawn. "The Corsair" he said he wrote in eleven days, and copied for the press on the twelfth, adding that whenever he undertook anything he found it necessary to give himself wholly to it. For that reason, he supposed, he could never complete "Childe Harold," which he began at Yanina and broke off at Smyrna; it was so long since he had laid it aside that he should not, he believed, ever be able to resume it.

An American copy of his works, in two small and very shabby volumes, printed I think at Philadelphia, gave him evident pleasure. He was glad, he said, to see it in so cheap a form that everybody could buy it. It was in boards; and he said he should keep it so, preferring to have it just as it came from America. In this and in other ways he showed that he valued his American reputation, of which he was then just beginning to be aware.

About two years after this, in October, 1817, as I was passing from Venice to Ferrara, I stopped at Mira on the Brenta—the Mira of Dante's Purgatorio—where Lord Byron was then living. It was eleven o'clock in the forenoon; but he was not up. Fletcher, his body-servant, however, remembered me, and after taking my card to him, showed me into a room, nicely furnished in the English fashion, where I found Mr. Hobhouse (now Lord Broughton) hard at work with learned looking books, and had some very agreeable talk with him, till Lord Byron came down.

Contrary to my expectation, he showed no marks of the wild and reckless life he had led since I saw him in London. His countenance was just as fair, smooth, and round as ever. His conversation, however, I thought a little different. Its tone seemed to me to be more lively, various, and decided. As I had been a good deal in Germany, he asked me if I had seen Goethe; and finding that I had, he put to me many questions about him. He told me that Mr. M. G. Lewis had made him an extemporaneous translation of Faust, reading it to him from German into English—which accounted to me for a certain resemblance in parts of Manfred to that remarkable poem, which had not then been translated into English, and which I was aware he could not read in the original. He was curious, too, to know about Goethe's personal enemies, whose number he had understood to be considerable; and when I gave him an account of a very severe article on Goethe in the *Edinburgh Review*, which to his great annoyance, had been translated and published under his nose at Jena by Oken, Lord Byron showed at first an amusing eagerness to hear all about it, but then, seeming to check himself, said, as if, half in earnest, though still laughing, "And yet I don't know what sympathy I can have with Goethe, except that of an injured author." And this, I think, was the exact truth; for he left on my mind that morning no doubt that he felt himself to be undervalued as a poet in England.

Both he and Mr. Hobhouse spoke with great satisfaction of their residence in Italy—Lord Byron, to my great surprise, placing its attractions much higher than those of Greece. It will be remembered that he had then written, but had not printed, the fourth canto of Childe Harold; and Mr. Hobhouse, I have always supposed, was when I entered the parlor at Mira, at work on the notes to it, which he published soon afterwards.

MR. EVERETT'S REMEMBRANCES OF LORD BYRON.

Mr. Everett writes (August 3, 1858):—

Having at a very early age begun to feel a great interest in modern Greece, that feeling was raised to enthusiasm by the two first cantos of Childe Harold, which appeared the year after I left college. Determined to visit Greece myself, I felt on that account especially desirous, on my arrival in London in the Spring of 1815, of making the acquaintance of Lord Byron. I was offered an introduction to him by more than one friend—particularly by Richard Sharpe, Esq., better known in society as "Conversation Sharpe." Delays, however, took place, and my youthful impatience led me somewhat to overstep the bounds of strict propriety. I addressed a note to Lord Byron, sending with it a copy of a poetical trifle privately printed by me some time before, in which he was mentioned, and asking the honor of his acquaintance. I received a most obliging answer from him the next day, accompanied with a set of his poems in four volumes (rendered doubly valuable by marginal corrections in his handwriting), and appointing an hour when he would see me. His reception of me was most cordial. Intercourse between the two countries was just reopened after the war of 1812–1814, and I was the first person from the United States whose acquaintance he had made. He expressed high satisfaction at the account I gave him of his trans-Atlantic fame. Our conversation was principally on the state of education and literature in this country, and on Greece, to which he said he was so much attached that, but for family considerations, he should be disposed to pass his life there. He offered me, without solicitation on my part, letters to his friends there, and among them, to Ali Pacha, of Albania.

The state of public affairs was then very critical. Napoleon, recently escaped from Elba, was advancing rapidly to meet the Prussian and English armies in Belgium. The probable result of the impending conflict was discussed with warmth by Lord Byron. "Napoleon," said he, "will at first, no doubt, drive the Duke of Wellington. That I shall be sorry for: I don't want to have my countrymen beaten. But I will tell you what I do want. I want to see Lord Castlereagh's head carried on a pike beneath that window." This feeling, violent as it is, seems to have been pretty deliberately cherished by Lord Byron. It is expressed in his conversation with Mr. Ticknor, a few days later, after the battle of Waterloo had been fought; and in a letter to Moore, written a day or two before I saw Lord Byron, he says: "Of politics we have nothing but the yell for war; and Castlereagh is preparing his head for the pike, on which we shall see it carried before he has done."

Lord Byron—at this time in the enjoyment of his reputation as the chief of the modern British Parnassus—had laid aside entirely the misanthropic tone and eccentric manners with which he returned from the East. He was a great favorite in society, and happy, to all appearance, at home. He had also formed friendly relations with many of those whom he had attacked most fiercely in "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." Mr. Rogers gave me an amusing account of the commencement of his acquaintance with Lord Byron, on his return from the East. It took place in connection with the reconciliation of Byron and Moore, of which the successive steps are minutely related in Moore's Life of Byron. Mr. Rogers, having been informed by Moore that Byron and he had agreed on a meeting as friends, proposed that it should be at his (Mr. Rogers's) house, and desired Moore to invite Byron to meet him at dinner there. This invitation was [illegible] well knowing [illegible] that the party should be confined to the trio; but Campbell happened to call on Mr. Rogers, in the course of the morning, and was invited to join them. This was in the first week of [illegible] 1811; and at that time, Byron was not personally known to Rogers, Moore, or Campbell! [illegible] ed himself to Lord Byron, and presented the [illegible] as they arrived. Mr. Rogers—whose dinners were always perfect—had taken pains to have a [illegible] nice one that day. He soon found, however, [illegible] what to his consternation, that there was [illegible] the table which Lord Byron could eat or [illegible] was at that time in one of the frequent [illegible] nence which he practised to check a tendency [illegible] stout. After refusing everything on the table, [illegible] ed for hard biscuit and soda-water, neither of which happened to be in the house. The soda-water was sent for and procured, but the biscuit was not to be had in the neighborhood. Lord Byron then called for some potatoes, filled his plate with them, and, pouring the contents of the vinegar cruet over them, made a hearty meal. His manner and conversation, on this occasion, did not appear to have pleased Mr. Rogers as much as they did Mr. Moore. Whenever I saw Lord Byron, his deportment and conversation were those of a well-bred, intelligent man of the world, wholly free from affectation and eccentricity.

It has been a question whether Lord Byron was lame in one foot or both. My own impression, when I saw him, was that the deformity extended equally to both feet; and such, I understand Mr. Trelawney, speaking from actual inspection after his death, declares to have been the case. It was concealed from the eye by very long and loose trowsers, but caused him to walk with a slight jerk at the hip. Mr. Rogers and Lord Byron were leaving a party together, shortly after his return from the Continent. A linkman saluted Lord Byron by name. Mr. Rogers heedlessly said, "You see everybody knows you already." Lord Byron replied, with a bitter expression, "Yes, I am deformed." This feeling seems to have been habitually present to his mind, if we can trust his biographers; but on no occasion when I saw him, did his countenance wear the expression of gloom or care.

Three years and a half after I saw him in London, I had an opportunity of renewing my acquaintance with Lord Byron, at Venice, where I saw him a few times in the Autumn of 1818. Notwithstanding the events which had occurred since I saw him in London, there was no change in his general appearance and manner. Our conversation was again very much on Greece, which I was to visit the next Spring, and for which he furnished me additional letters. He now spoke with some confidence of taking up his abode there, though the revolution which caused him to do so had not yet broken out. He dwelt at some length on the state of society in Italy, particularly in Venice, and especially on the circle at the Countess Albrizzi's, which Lord Byron attended every evening for two years, to which I had the good fortune to be introduced by Ugo Foscolo. He spoke also with a good deal of interest of the Armenian studies which he carried on for a short time under Father Pascal Auger, of the Armenian Convent at Venice. This learned and amiable ecclesiastic, whom I had the pleasure of knowing, told me, that for the short time that Lord Byron studied with him, he made rapid progress. He translated into English Father Aucher's Armenio-Italian grammar, and also the unauthentic Epistles of Paul to the Corinthians, which had never appeared in an English version. They are found as translated by Lord Byron, in the Appendix to Moore's Life.—*Allibone's Dictionary of Authors.*

ODE TO FRANKLIN.

BY W. H. FRY.

When earth woke to life, at the dawning of time,
  While yet in the shadow of chaos it trembled,
Great Jove round his throne, on Olympus sublime,
  His court of Immortals, to rule it, assembled.
        He gave each a share
        Of the land, sea, and air,
  And emblems of office imperial to wear;
Then filling his goblet, all rose at the sign,
And pledged grateful homage in nectar divine.

Then Phœbus he bade drive the sun's golden car,
  And Neptune control the blue depths of the ocean,
O'er love Venus reign, fiery Mars over war,
  And Bacchus, [illegible]
        [illegible]
        [illegible]
  To wield the dread lightning, the strength of my throne!
All filling a brimmer, then pledged again
To *Jupiter Tonans*, king of gods and of men!

So started the world: and long ages rolled by,
  While mortals, like gods, Jove's first mandate respected;
When musing one day, as he sat in the sky,
  A speck o'er the clouds his keen vision detected.
        "What is that now in sight?"
        Cried he—"if I am right,
  By the string and the bob-tail, 'tis surely a kite!
Speed, Mercury! and see who flies it so near,
For by this good [illegible]"

Soon Hermes returned, and replied to Jove's frown,
  "Forgive, awful sovereign, my message of evil;—
You lightning to earth, by that kite was brought down,
  And is bottled and corked by a poor printer's devil!"
        His own Jove [illegible]
        While his blazing eye flashed,
  And his voice o'er Olympus in deep thunder crashed:—
"I swear by the Styx, now, I'll ne'er drink again,
Till I smite him, a warning to gods and to men!"

All were mute, save Minerva, who answered him then,
  "Hold! Sire! for worthy all honor that man is;
Time will blazon his name with this motto—*Fulmen
  Eripuit cœlo, sceptrumque tyrannis!*
        Who maketh men free
        Of all masters save thee,
  And wieldeth thy lightning, e'en godlike must be!"
"Thou'rt right," cried Jove, gaily—"drink we all to the worth
Of the sage and the patriot, the glory of earth!"

THE KABYLS.

[From *The Crescent and The French Crusader.* By G. L. [illegible]. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1859.]

The Kabyls are the most interesting, or, at least, the most enigmatical of the descendants of the [illegible] Indo-Germanic tribes who have peopled Northern Africa. Though they are Mahommedans in [illegible] are less tenacious of the dogmas of their [illegible] superstitious than the Arabs; their manners [illegible] toms differ also essentially from those of the Arabs, while their language has no affinity with the Arabic.

The Kabyls all speak the *Berber* tongue, or a dialect of it, which is pretty conclusive proof of the unity of their origin; but they have no books, no [illegible] and the very alphabet of their language has been lost.

I have said that the costume and habits of the Kabyls differ essentially from those of the Arabs. In their mountain-homes they are taught to be indifferent to heat and cold, to wear a single garment, a woollen shirt [illegible] covered. Those whom I have seen, however, in the Atlas and in the towns, wore not only the [illegible] but a bernous, when they could afford it. They wear also leggins of leather, and sandals. [illegible]

[illegible]

to moment at the fountain on your left, a rather small [illegible] man, with a large copper vessel on his shoulder [illegible] the Kabyl and he supplied the neighbors with water for one sou the jar. Going to the office of the United States consul, which is in a large house occupied as in France and Italy by various families, you will see a fiery-eyed youth climbing up the court, filling wine bottles, washing the dishes, etc.; this is Ali, the Kabyl, and his pay is about 40 francs a month. Early in the morning you may observe numbers of natives taking down the shutters of "stores," arranging merchandise for sale, etc.; they are doubtless Kabyls, for they are esteemed for their probity, their aptness at all work, and their cheerful dispositions. Hassan sings at the fountain as the water trickles into his jar; he is directly opposite my window, and I have almost learned by heart one of his plaintive mountain airs.

The Kabyl is frugal, parsimonious—he will not even spend his money for a bed at night, but wrapping himself in a bernous or a mat, he takes the sidewalk of the arcades for his couch, and runs the risk of being occasionally kicked by a careless pedestrian. Indeed, when one walks out here at a late hour in the evening, he is very likely to stumble on one of these objects, and only learn that it is a bale of humanity when he hears it give a significant grunt or a guttural ejaculation in an unknown tongue. The Kabyl is not likely to settle in the town; when he has gathered a small sum of money he returns to his native village, buys him a gun, a cow, and a wife, builds another story, perhaps, on to the dwelling of his parents, and becomes a farmer.

"The Arab," says Daumas, "is a liar; the Kabyl is ashamed to tell a falsehood." With the Arabs a musician is classed with buffoons, and women who are respectable, seldom play on any instrument of music, or dance, or appear in public with their faces uncovered, or even at the tables of their lords and masters. Among the Kabyls woman has the same freedom that she has in Europe: she goes to the markets, mingles in all the festivities of the other sex, leaves her face uncovered; and, while she has a reputation for greater beauty and cleanliness than the Arab woman, is not less courageous than the latter; is in fact often to be found on the field of battle, giving nerve by her presence to those who might falter; assisting the wounded and carrying off the dead. She enjoys also unbounded license (which no position countenances among the Arabs) when either a widow, when divorced, or when abandoned by her husband. Returning to the roof of her father or brother, no conventional forms, no social laws, place any restraint upon her actions; "which explains," says the able writer we have quoted above, "the pretended custom which some historians attribute to the Kabyls, of offering their wives or their daughters to their distinguished guests."

There is a striking analogy between the spirit of the institutions, the laws, the customs of the Kabyls and those of the Circassians. With each of these, if a person has committed a murder, it is only the life of that particular person that can expiate the crime, and that life must be taken by the nearest relative of the deceased. Vengeance becomes a sacred obligation—the mother teaches it to her son, and when he is old enough to bear arms, if his father or brother has been assassinated, he knows no rest till the assassin has perished by his hands. If the widow has only a daughter, and her husband has been murdered, she publishes to the world that she asks no dowry or price for her child, but a husband who will take upon himself the fulfilment of this ancient custom. The Arab is satisfied with the blood of a relative of the offender or *of* the tribe to which he belongs. Among the former, many daughters are the riches of a family, for they are sold by their parents as they would sell a lamb from the flock. They are valued among the masses at one or two hundred dollars. When a young man sees a girl whom he would like to possess, he asks the price. If it is more than he is able to pay, he either goes away to work to gain the balance of the amount required, and trusts to the affection of the fair one to await his return, or he is accepted and allowed a month or two to make up the sum. The day in which he takes her under his own roof is a sort of *fête* for the whole village. Men, women, and children, turn out *en masse*. They form a procession, headed by a band of music, and amid shouts and firing of musketry conduct the happy couple to their new home, where a feast has been prepared in keeping with the wealth of the parties thus congratulated and honored.

The Kabyl is also a manufacturer of arms—guns, sabres, knives, etc., and a firelock which is very highly valued, and exported into Tunis and Morocco. The Circassian, too, can manufacture a blade equal to the old Damascus, and knives that Russians are proud to own. The Arab is never a mechanic or artisan; the shoeing of a horse, the making of a saddle, employs all the mechanical skill he possesses.

The Kabyl government is a republic of the purest and simplest form. Each village elects a governor or chief, who is called an *amin*, whose duty it is to see that public order is maintained, and the laws and ancient customs of the tribe observed. The *amins* of the villages (which comprise a *ferka* or fraction of a tribe, *arch*, or *kebila*) form when united a council or *djemma*.* This council elects a president, *amin of amins*, discusses the common interests of the country, renders judgments, etc. The president is the *chief* of the tribe, and commands the army in the time of war, unless hostilities are begun in behalf of some particular tribe, in which case it generally furnishes the leader. The elections are for the most part annual affairs, but in some villages they are semi-annual. When several tribes more or less, are united for some common cause, the body is called a *sof*. As with the Circassians, each tribe, each fraction of a tribe, each village, each individual, has, as it were, a perfectly independent political existence, and it is only when some general calamity threatens the country, and these various little republics form a *sof*, that they appear to have the consistency of a body politic. It is true that every young man arriving at a certain age, is registered and enrolled in the militia, but he obeys no one except in the above named exigencies. The people are also regularly taxed, but this [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] The following are some of the never-varying penalties involved in this canon. To draw a yataghan without striking, 8 boudjous;‡ [illegible] To prepare a gun and not fire it, 10fr.; firing the same, [illegible] To be convicted of a theft, 100fr. [illegible] Approaching the washing place of the women, [illegible] To strike with the fist, 2fr. To strike with a stick, 3fr.

[illegible]

[illegible]—In the vicinity of towns, on the heights of the Atlas, as also on the banks of the [illegible]

[illegible]

that a criminal flying to them is shielded from the hand of justice. I had the pleasure last Autumn of visiting one of these—the koubba of Sidi-Embarek of the family of Abd-el-Kader. His coffin, placed under the dome, is a massive affair, covered with silk drapery; over each end of it fall also the folds of costly banners that were borne in his battles, but now hang motionless from lofty staffs crowned with the crescent, the symbol of Islam.

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* *Djemma*, [illegible]

† [illegible] that the Kabyls were once Christians.

‡ A boudjou [illegible]

ART TREASURES OF NEW YORK.

The erection of the two galleries of Messrs. Aspinwall and Belmont, in our city, is an event not to be passed by in the history of the day. These and other events bring more forcibly than ever to our minds the resemblance between our own city and its inhabitants, and the great mercantile cities of Italy of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and show us that, however progressive the world is, the human mind remains the same; and how, under similar circumstances, though in different times and positions, the same mental energy that produces wealth is carried forward to the higher and nobler object—the cultivation of the intellectual in Art and Science.

Thus, as the foremost merchants of Florence, Venice, and Genoa, became the greatest patrons of the arts in their day, so now we see many of the first men of our day following in their footprints. This is a wise provision of Providence. We, the public, can not but feel just pride in the mental power and indomitable perseverance which have produced our canals and railways, spanned the Isthmus of Panama, opened Japan, and carried our merchant flag to every part of the world; and we cannot but feel pleasure in seeing the wealth thus obtained equally well applied in objects of beneficence and in the cultivation of the arts, which must always have the effect of raising the social standard of any nation.

The Gallery is an addition built to the house of the proprietor. In the exterior the architect, Mr. Renwick, has preserved the general features of the architecture of the main building. The gallery is entered by a fine arched gateway on Tenth street. Passing through this, the visitor arrives at a door on his left leading to a marble vestibule, which opens into a corridor in the rear of the galleries, and from which they are entered. This corridor, which is nine feet wide and thirty-four feet long, is lighted by sky-lights, and in it are many fine works of Art, among which we may mention, as worthy of particular observation, the portrait of Washington, by Stuart; the portrait of Lafayette, by Ary Schaffer; a portrait, by Woodville; Two Dutch Burgomasters, by the celebrated Vandgr Heist; and a Judith, by Farini, surnamed the Guido of the Florentine school.

In the centre of the North wall of this corridor, and opposite the entrance door to the Gallery, is a niche containing a very fine group in marble, representing Columbus unvailing America and presenting her to the World, by the Chevalier Costoli, the Professor in the Academy at Florence.

Turning from this, you enter the Picture Galleries proper, for there are two, Mr. Aspinwall having wisely decided that he would divide the modern and ancient pictures, giving to each a separate habitation. We may here say that, in arranging the light of the galleries, it has been the design of the owner and his architect to throw the light on the pictures and leave the spectator in shadow, thus preventing the dazzling effect on the eye consequent on the admission of the great masses of light in many galleries. This has been effected by the interposition of screens suspended from the ceilings under the sky-lights, which, while they admit light freely on the pictures, cast a shadow on the centre of the Gallery. The screens are arranged so that they can be drawn up at night, closing out the sky-light and making the ceilings complete when they are lighted by gas.

The principal Gallery, twenty-two feet wide and thirty-four feet long, contains the pictures of the Old Masters. At the East end, and opposite the door of the rear drawing-room, is the Conception, by Murillo, purchased from the family of the late King of Holland, so placed as to be seen from the whole suite of rooms. This beautiful work is flanked on one side by a Guido, and on the other by a picture of the school of Correggio.

At the opposite end are the full-length portraits of the Marquis Langamey, Governor-General of Milan, by Vandyke, and of a Knight of Malta, by Velasquez. The former picture is one of the famous hundred heads painted by Vandyke and engraved under his superintendence, and was purchased from the Marquis Durasso, of Genoa.

On the South side of the room, and opposite the entrance, are many very fine pictures, among which we observed, as peculiarly beautiful, The Sybel, by Guercine, purchased of the Mecarini family, at Pisa; The Saviour and St. John, by Correggio, purchased of the Duke of Cassano, at Naples; A Singing Party by Paulo Veronese, purchased of the Marquis Bisogna, Naples; a very fine Cuyp; a Titian; another Murillo; besides many others of great value and undoubted originality. Opposite these pictures, on the North wall, among the most prominent are—a Landscape, by Rembrandt, formerly belonging to Count Stadion; a Landscape, by Jacques Ruysdal; a St. Peter, by Guido; St. Sebastian, of Andrea del Sarto; and others of equal merit.

It is of course impossible to give a detail of all the painters represented in this Gallery, or of the subjects of their pictures, of which there are more than 150, all choice works of Art, purchased with great care during a residence of two years in Europe.

Many of the pictures in this Gallery—such as the Vandyke, the Murillo, and the Titian—could hardly be replaced if they were lost, so difficult has it become to obtain undoubted works by these artists; and in this respect Mr. Aspinwall has been extremely fortunate in acquiring works of undoubted authenticity from the families in whose possession they had remained in many cases for many years, and in others from their first production.—*Harpers' Weekly.*

FRY.

A correspondent of the Boston *Courier* gives the following account of a recent lecture delivered on "Music and its Correlative Æsthetics, by Mr. W. H. Fry, in Philadelphia:

The audience was not large, but good humored, and made up of our brightest people, and the absence of the [illegible] and defiant, and investigating faces of the regular lecture-goers, was refreshing. Fry lounged upon the stage at 8 o'clock, made up in a [illegible] Dark coat and vest buttoned up to the throat, and a pair of very [illegible]

[illegible] Got him to do it in Boston.

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The Dividend is declared on the following basis:

Accumulated fund, Dec. 1, 1858,		$1,396,622 21
Reservation for reinsurance at the tabular rate,	$980,343 21	
Estimated deterioration of lives otherwise than by difference of age,	86,000 00	
Estimate of losses not heard from,	30,000 00	
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First Annual Division to Policy Holders, declared July 9th, 1857, 33 1-3 per cent.; Second do., declared July 8th, 1858, 50 per cent.; Third do., will be declared July, 1859.

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BOSTON, July 19, 1857.

Messrs. J. Burnett & Co.: I cannot refuse to state the salutary effect, in my own aggravated case, of your excellent Hair Oil (*Cocoaine*).

For many months my hair had been falling off, until I was fearful of losing it entirely. The skin upon my head became gradually more and more inflamed, so that I could not touch it without pain. This irritated condition I attributed to the use of various advertised hair washes, which I have since been told contain camphene spirit.

By the advice of my physician, to whom you had shown your process of purifying the Oil, I commenced its use the last week in June. The first application allayed the itching and irritation; in three or four days the redness and tenderness disappeared—the hair ceased to fall, and I have now a thick growth of new hair. I trust that others, similarly afflicted, will be induced to try the same remedy.

Yours, very truly,
SUSAN R. POPE.

Burnett's Cocoaine.
Burnett's Cocoaine.
Burnett's Cocoaine.

☞ A single application renders the hair (no matter how stiff and dry) soft and glossy for several days. It is conceded by all who have used it to be *the best and cheapest Hair Dressing in the World.*

PREMATURE LOSS OF THE HAIR, which is so common now-a-days, may be entirely prevented by the use of *Burnett's Cocoaine*. It has been used in thousands of cases where the hair was coming out in handfuls, and has never failed to arrest its decay, and to promote a healthy and vigorous growth. It is, at the same time, unrivalled as a dressing for the hair. A single application will render it soft and glossy for several days.

Price, 50 Cents a Half-pint Bottle.

For sale by dealers generally. Prepared by

JOSEPH BURNETT & CO.,
BOSTON.

NEO-ELECTROPATHY.

MRS. E. W. FARNHAM, M.D., AND SON.

Chronic Diseases are successfully treated by the new method with Electricity. Constipation, Hemorrhoids, Dyspepsia, Nervous Irritability and Weakness, Rheumatism, Headaches, Female Complaints, etc., give way very uniformly to this powerful agent, when applied as it is in this system.

ROOMS No. 560 BROADWAY, FIRST FLOOR.

GOURAUD'S ITALIAN MEDICATED SOAP, it is well known, cures *TAN, PIMPLES, FRECKLES, SALT RHEUM, BARBER'S ITCH, CHAPS, CHAFES, TENDER FLESH, &c.*, besides being the very best shaving compound ever invented. GOURAUD'S POUDRE SUBTILE uproots hair from low foreheads, upper lips, or any part of the body, safely and quickly, warranted. LIQUID ROUGE for pale lips and cheeks. LILY WHITE for flushed, red, and heated faces. HAIR DYE, instantly converts red, grey, or light hair to a beautiful brown, without staining the skin. HAIR RESTORATIVE for the hair to grow, and make stiff, wiry hair soft, glossy, and silky. Found at Dr. GOURAUD'S old established depot, No. 67 Walker Street, first store from Broadway. Sold by Mrs. HAYES, Brooklyn, and Druggists generally.

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